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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Canal Zone

THERE is no denying that the current situation in the Suez Canal Zone is disturbing—almost ominous. The exchange of fire between Egyptian and British troops at the village of Kafir Abdou appears to have been minor in character; however the real danger is that it may be symptomatic. Additional emphasis to the belligerency of the Egyptian leaders in their recent public pronouncements is provided by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's revelation that 43 attacks against British personnel and property were made from April 11 up to last week. This suggests that even while General Naguib and his advisers were in conference with British negotiators, deliberate acts of provocation were being carried out by the Egyptians, which can hardly be rated as a manifestation of good faith or sincere intentions. General Naguib also knew, before he presented them, that his demands could not be accepted by Britain. No attempt was made, however, to modify them. On the contrary their rejection was openly welcomed by the Egyptian Prime Minister who "thanked" Britain "for enabling Egypt to 'wash her hands of further negotiations'."

DIFFICULT to understand is what Egypt really expects to achieve from such a behaviour. Britain is certainly not going to be forced out of the Canal Zone by acts of violence or military intimidation. Nor could General Naguib possibly hope to win the Canal Zone by force of arms. He could cause a lot of misery to his own people by giving the order for the renewal of guerrilla warfare; he might also, by so doing, inflame the Arabs in the Middle East to begin a "holy war." Neither development, however, could or would resolve the Canal Zone question. On the contrary the possibility of a negotiated settlement would recede even further. Statesmanship, founded on the dictates of reason and reality, is required to compose differences such as those which exist between Egypt and Britain. First signs of strength to the hope that General Naguib appreciated this and that his approach to the problem would accordingly be different from those of his predecessors. That hope has been completely falsified.

EGYPTIAN WORKERS AT SUEZ GO ON STRIKE

Declare: "We Are The Mau Maus Of The Canal"

Cairo, May 15. Thousands of Egyptians working in petrol refineries and shipyards at Suez left work today. They shouted: "We are the Mau Maus of the Canal", "Down with the British" to greet two members of General Naguib's Revolutionary Command who arrived to establish a Liberation branch at Suez. A few minutes earlier about one mile down the road a British soldier carrying a Tommy-gun stood guard over an army vehicle as the driver checked his engine. The soldier promptly put his finger on the trigger as an Egyptian taxi passed carrying press correspondents to Cairo after a tour of Suez town today.

The two Egyptian officials, Wing Commander Hassan Ibrahim and Major Kamal El Din Hussein started a two-day tour of Suez. They are bringing a "Liberation message" to the population of this canal terminus town and travelled from Cairo on a Diesel train.

Meanwhile troops rolled empty white painted barrels to form a roadblock at Kilo 99 on the Cairo-Suez desert road at 2 p.m. local time. They checked traffic entering the Canal Zone for arms and explosives at the same checkpoint which was the scene of shooting incidents and rioting in the autumn of 1951.

A platoon of Lancashire fusiliers marched from a nearby desert camp and took control of the road. "We've orders to do so," a British sergeant told an Egyptian police constable on duty. "We've orders to stop all traffic entering the Canal Zone and search for hidden arms and explosives." At that moment a Cairo-Suez passenger bus was ordered to stop by the roadside and a British soldier with a sub-machinegun on his shoulder climbed inside, made a quick check, and then the driver was allowed to proceed.

FRENZIED TOWN Escorted by 1000-odd Egyptian "commandos" on motor-cycles the Revolutionary officers drove in an open car through the frenzied town of Suez. They were hailed as "Liberators" all along the route. Other Revolutionary officers have similarly opened Liberation branch headquarters in other Egyptian cities in the Delta in recent weeks. These two will also address a meeting of the Moslem brotherhood tonight.

Although tension was rising in Suez today foreign communities, mainly French and Greek connected with the Suez Canal shipping here, did not appear unduly perturbed about the situation. Everybody in Suez seemed emotionally better controlled and somewhat more disciplined than during the troubles a year ago. One young commando said: "We are awaiting orders from the Revolutionary Command in Cairo."

Suez is out of bounds to British troops in camp on the outskirts of the town. They went about their normal duties there today but many were carrying sub-machineguns. It was reported that the British Oversea Airways Comet which crashed killing 43 persons in a storm near here on May 2 fell about a mile away from the main wreckage, a Court of Enquiry was told today.

Mr. N. S. Lokur who is conducting the enquiry assisted by a panel of three assessors spent nearly six hours at the scene of the accident. —Reuter.

Promise Of Fair Weather For Assault On Everest

New Delhi, May 15. The British Everest expedition due today to set out on the last phase of its assault on the mountain was promised fair weather in a special broadcast by the All India Radio this afternoon. "There will be cloudy to overcast skies and one or two snow showers during the evening," the broadcast said. "Otherwise the weather will be fair."

The radio forecast westerly winds reaching 40 knots on the mountain face at 27,000 feet. Temperatures at the same altitude would be between minus six and minus two degrees Fahrenheit.

The expedition was due today to start the move to establish three more camps before the final attempt on the summit is made. The last of these camps will be set up at a height of between 27,000 and 28,000 feet.

There will be possible if there is a lull in the high winds and snowstorms which normally rage round the 28,000-foot peak at this time of the year. Before the monsoon breaks in early June there are usually a few fine days. It is in preparation for this break—which may come some time in the next three weeks—that the final assault party is getting into position. The advance base camp for the attack is camp 4 in the sheltered western cwm. Higher still, below the Lhotse Face, is camp 5, which acts as a reserve camp for stores to be moved later to the three "high camps" yet to be established. Camps 4 and 5 are now stocked with oxygen equipment. Small parties are already occupying these two and the remainder of the assault group was due to join them today. The final assault on the summit, never before reached by man, will probably be led by G. C. Band, the youngest member of the expedition. With him, it is thought, will go the famous Sherpa guide, Tensing. —Reuter.

Comet Disaster Inquiry

Calcutta, May 15. The wings of the British Overseas Airways Comet which crashed killing 43 persons in a storm near here on May 2 fell about a mile away from the main wreckage, a Court of Enquiry was told today. Mr. N. S. Lokur who is conducting the enquiry assisted by a panel of three assessors spent nearly six hours at the scene of the accident. —Reuter.

Three Planes Collide In Mid-Air

Hemsbach, Germany, May 15. Two United States Air Force C-119 "Flying boxcars" and one United States jet crashed in flames near here today. US 12th Air Force Headquarters at Landstuhl announced. It was not known how many persons were killed, but Hermann Lubert, Lord Mayor of this Hessian town, said three men were killed in the crash and three or four seriously injured. An eyewitness, Wilhelm Schroeder, a Hemsbach resident, gave this account of the mishap: "I saw a group of American planes come flying in from the west when suddenly a jet collided into two transports. 'The planes seemed to be flying low—about 1,500 feet—at the time. Two men tried to bail out, but they were so slow their parachutes did not open fully. 'One of the planes—I don't know which one—exploded instantly in the air. The other two plunged to the ground and seemed to blow up into a million flaming pieces.' —United Press.

Churchill's Promise To Adenauer

London, May 15. Sir Winston Churchill today gave the West German Chancellor, Dr Konrad Adenauer, a personal assurance that his Western-backed Federal Republic would not be sacrificed at the altar of an Allied peace settlement with the Russians, diplomatic quarters said.

At their two-hour talks at No. 10 Downing Street, the Prime Minister's residence, Sir Winston Churchill is understood to have elaborated on his proposal that an agreement with the Kremlin on Germany might take the form of a Big Power guarantee to Russia against a new German invasion and to Germany against a Soviet attack.

The biggest snag to an agreement of this kind, on the lines of the Locarno Treaty which gave France and Germany a similar guarantee after world war one—would be the definition of Germany's frontiers. "No West German politician is prepared to write off for all time the German east of the Oder-Neisse line placed under 'provisional' Polish administration at the end of world war two. There are no signs at present of the Russians are prepared to give up their control of Eastern Germany, let alone urge Poland to hand back the Oder-Neisse areas."

Today's talks, attended on both sides by senior advisers, also touched on Western Europe's military preparedness to resist a Russian onslaught. Dr Adenauer has promised to contribute half a million soldiers and airmen to Allied defence if the European Army Treaty is ratified.

PROSPECTS POOR The immediate prospects for implementation of this plan, by which France, Italy, West Germany and the Benelux states are to pool their armed forces, are not bright, and Western diplomats see little chance of obtaining French agreement to German rearmament by any other method.

Dr Adenauer, a fervent advocate of European unity, reported to Sir Winston Churchill on his meeting in Paris this week with the Foreign Ministers of the European Army nations on their attempts to unite their countries in an even closer political partnership. It is understood he told Sir Winston Churchill that he fully appreciated Britain's inability to join such a partnership because of her Commonwealth

Important New Danube Agreement

Vienna, May 15. Austria and Hungary have agreed to reopen shipping communications between the two countries on the Danube which have been suspended since 1945. This agreement, which is expected to be officially announced later today, is regarded here as an important step towards restoring the former international character of the Danube area. It is also thought to be connected with the new political line adopted by the Kremlin. Under the agreement Austrian ships may carry passengers or freight in transit through Hungary to Yugoslav ports. Hungarian ships may go through Austria to Germany. It is believed here that other Danubian states will follow Hungary's example and sign shipping agreements with Austria.

(Joint administration of the "iron gates"—the dangerous rapids section of the Danube which forms the Yugoslav frontier—was provided for in the 1948 Danube Convention). It is believed that the Austro-Hungarian agreement, which for the time being will be valid till the end of next year, provides for shipping to be resumed in June or July. Last July the Russians opened the river in their zone of Austria to shipping between Vienna and Linz. —Reuter.

A brief communique issued after the conference said simply: "The Prime Minister met Dr Adenauer this morning for a general discussion of recent international events."

Drew Pearson To Pay Damages

Washington, May 15. Mr Drew Pearson the American columnist was ordered today to pay US\$50,000 for libelling a lawyer he accused of acting as a "propagandist" for the Dutch government. The lawyer Mr Norman Little, a former American assistant attorney-general was awarded this amount as "compensatory damages" by a Federal Court jury.

He was also awarded a single dollar "punitive damages". But the jury failed to agree on a second libel suit by Mr Little based on a broadcast by Mr Pearson which referred to him as the lawyer for "the Communist Polish Embassy". —Reuter.

Oatis May Be Freed

London, May 15. A Tass Soviet news agency message from Prague tonight said William Oatis imprisoned American newspaperman had been "brought under" the recent amnesty of some Czech prisoners. This message did not specify whether Mr Oatis, imprisoned for espionage, had actually been released. —Reuter.

BOARD TO PROBE BELFRAGE CASE

Washington, May 15. Mr Edward Shaugnessy the District Commissioner of Immigration who signed the warrant for the arrest of British citizen Cedric Belfrage, editor of the "Progressive" National Guardian today on a charge of Communist Party activity, told a reporter in New York that a special Board of enquiry would be convened to consider his case—but he did not know when. If the Board ruled that Mr Belfrage was to be deported the editor would have the opportunity to appeal to the Attorney General Mr Herbert Brownell.

The Immigration official said the usual procedure would be followed in not allowing reporters to interview Mr Belfrage on Ellis Island in New York's harbour. After Mr Belfrage's arrest a statement was issued by Mr Aronson and Mr John McManus general manager of the National Guardian. It said "The arrest of Belfrage is part of a drive not only against the National Guardian but against all the Opposition press in the nation."

"It follows an attack by Senator McCarthy on the editor of the New York Post James Wechsler and a proposed witch-hunt in the New York press as a whole. 'Unless this drive is halted now no newspaper will be safe and the first amendment to the Constitution (guaranteeing freedom of speech, and the press) will be a mockery.' —Reuter.

Submarine Arrives In Port

The "T" class submarine, HMS Telemachus, arrived this morning from Singapore on a routine exercise. She has been refitting at Singapore. Completed in 1943, Telemachus displaces 1,575 tons and measures 275 feet overall length. She is officially known as a "patrol type" submarine for general service.

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AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 and 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 P.M.



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TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

KING'S: At 11.30 a.m. Paramount Films Presents "All Technicolor Cartoons Program" Entirely New
PRINCESS: At 11.15 a.m. WARNER BROS. TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
EMPIRE: At 12.30 p.m. 20th CENTURY-FOX Presents TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAM

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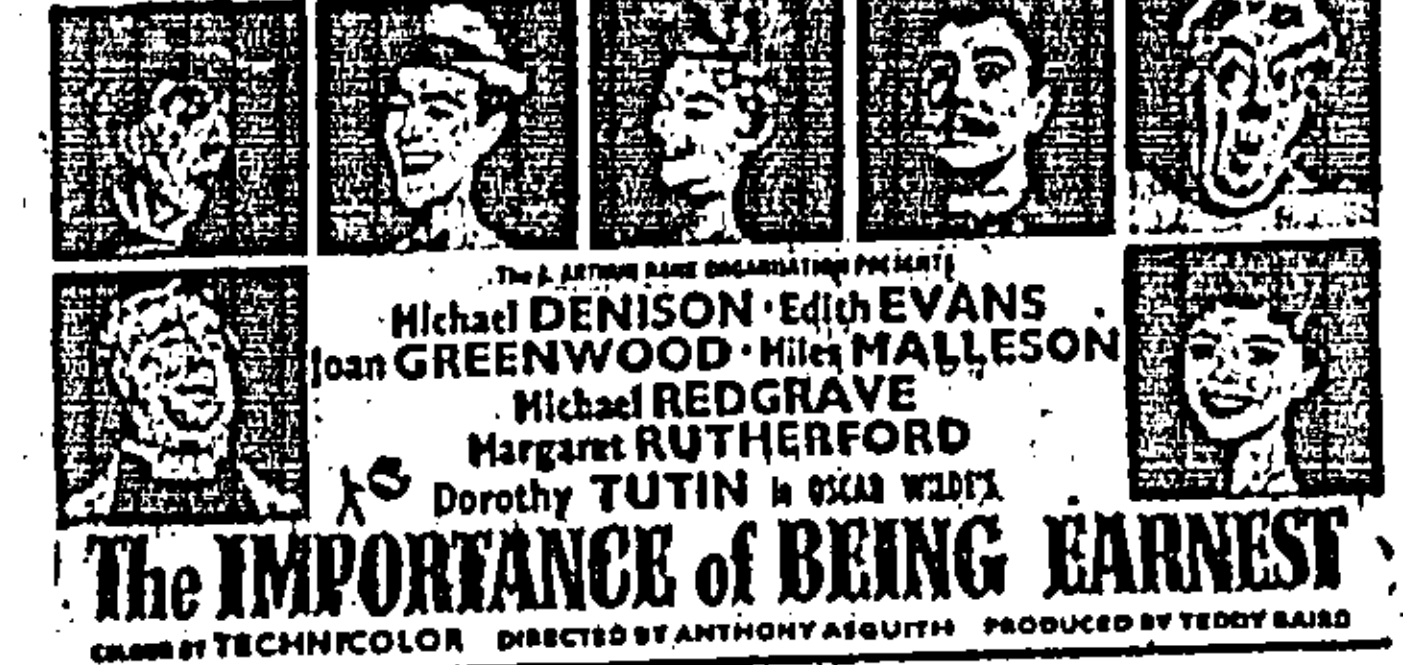
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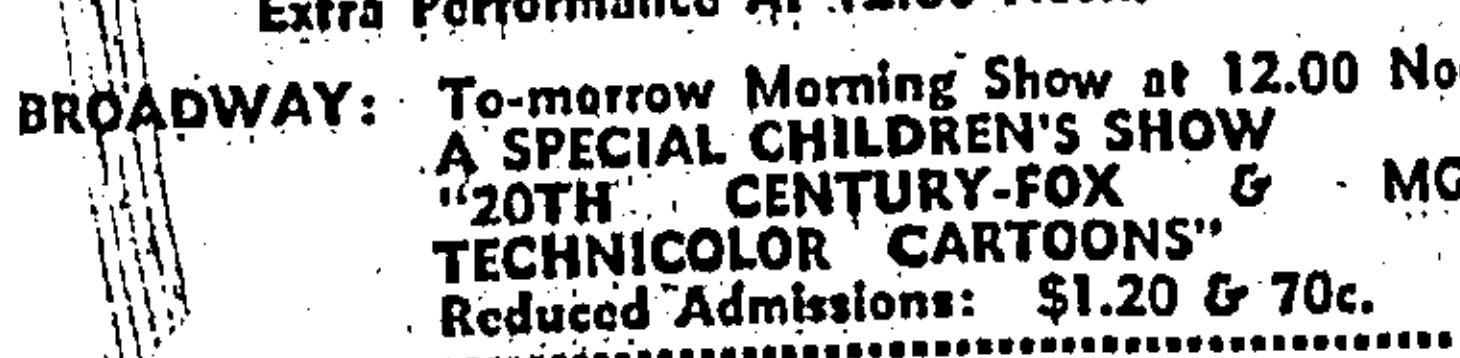
ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

20th Century-Fox presents



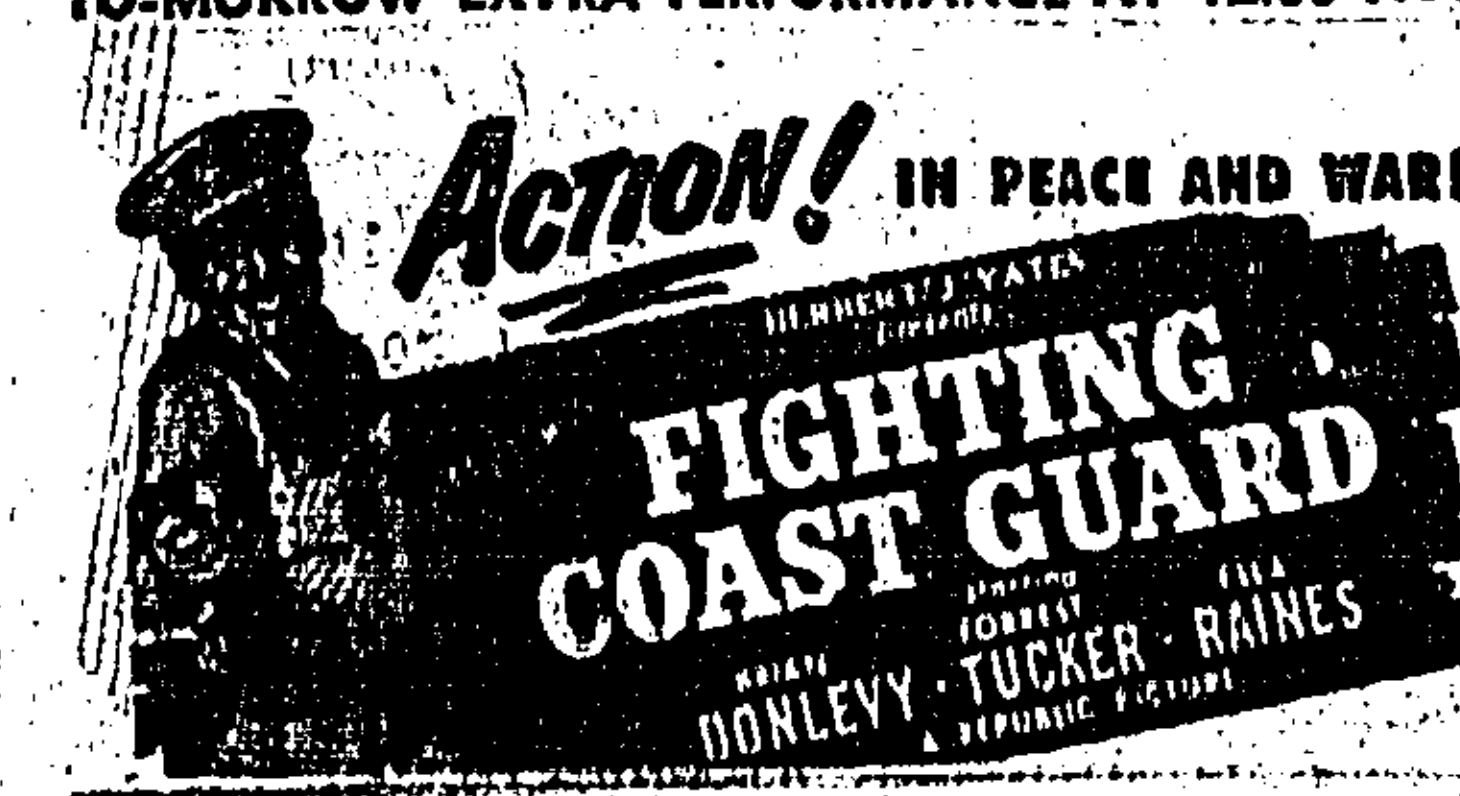
Book Early To Avoid Disappointment!
ROXY: To-morrow 5 Shows of "TONIGHT WE SING" Extra Performance At 12.00 Noon.
BROADWAY: To-morrow Morning Show at 12.00 Noon A SPECIAL CHILDREN'S SHOW "20th CENTURY-FOX & MGM TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS" Reduced Admissions: \$1.20 & 70c.



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TO-MORROW EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 12.00 NOON



MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Leo Falk and Phil Davis



HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES

Lizabeth Scott Is Doing A Garbo Act

By JENNIFER JOHNS

Lizabeth Scott is doing a Garbo on us over here. What she does from day to day (evening to evening anyway) is as much a mystery as the latest atomic plaything in Nevada.

Once upon a time she used to be a regular at the Mocambo or Ciro's. With the occasional look-in at Romanoff's or Chasens. Now, after studio time every evening (around seven o'clock) she just vanishes. Occasionally she throws out an intriguing little press message. Such as a recent one: "I'm off to Florida tomorrow. Maybe I'll get married."

Not content with that she has even taken to impersonating make-believe characters all by herself. The other evening a few hours after finishing her latest film "Secret Storm" (with Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis), her studio collected a call from an airline office. Could they speak to a "Miss Evelyn Holland"? Later they rang back. It was all right. They had found "Miss Holland". No, they couldn't say where she was going. But wasn't the resemblance to Lizabeth Scott "just too cute"? PS: No, she's not getting married. Latest mentions are a 30-year-old San Francisco insurance executive, a French newspaperman and a movie-cameraman in London. "But I'm still waiting for the right man."

ANNE BAXTER ON PAIRS

Anne Baxter waxed poetic last week in a letter from Paris. "This City is like a huge set for a brilliant movie made ages ago..." That's one way of putting it anyway. Anne, by the way, lost her driver's license when she arrived at Le Bourget. Instead of driving luxuriously around in her Citroën, she's had to take to taxis. Jean Pierre Aumont is to tour South America with his own company and present seven plays "from Molière to Jacques Duval". Just-divorced George Windsor was at the Mocambo the other night with recently ditto Paul Ellis. Linda

Darnell has decided to postpone her Italian film venture after all.

When money problems hit the production side the whole issue began to look shaky... Abbott and Costello are currently before the cameras. In a series of films promoting Child Road Safety... I understand that Vivien Leigh's sanatorium in Surrey was recently the locale for a British documentary on mental cases. The title "Out Of True". Check me if I'm wrong! I dined at the flat of two airline hostesses the other night. Said one as she answered the phone: "Hello, this is heaven. Which angel d'you want?"

ONLY TOO GLAD

Watching work on "The Robe" I spotted Carter de Haven way out in the background. I discovered that the one-time mainline idol was only too glad to get three weeks' work as an extra. It's a long road back from fame.

Mentioning Jean Pierre Aumont again, he has bought a six-bedroom estate (complete with trout fishing) 15 miles from Paris. And all for exactly half what he received on the sale of his house in Beverly Hills.

Robert Donat will partner Charles Laughton in "Hobson's Choice". To be made your way (in London) this summer Stewart Granger's next is "Beau Brummell".

Happy letter from Terry Moore who's been catching the sun in Florida making "Twelve Mile Reef". I've always been in the combining business with pleasure. Location work in a boat 40 miles out in the Gulf of Mexico, surrounded by blue water and blue sky, just about sums my beliefs up! Don't take any notice of the runaround "Bob" Wagner-Terry Moore "marriage" by the way. It's strictly publicity.

Out-Of-Season Note: Marilyn Monroe calendars (she leapt to fame by posing nude on one) are having record sales in Privately Shops out here. Prices 25-10s. On second thoughts, perhaps it's just the calendars that are out of season. And they don't count.

CAPITOL LIBERTY

COMMENCING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

The Special Prize Winner at the Cannes Festival
The Best Charm Interpretation
The Best Amusement Value



The Last Word

On 3-D

The last word on three-dimensional was said at Paddington recently. Director Ralph Thomas, watched by crowds of spectators, was doing the first location shoot for "A Day to Remember." A knowing little boy asked: "Is this 'ore picture in 3-D?" Mr Thomas said it was not. "Come away, Alfie," said the urchin to his companion, "it's one of those old ones."

CURTAIN DOWN

Ever wondered what love is like behind the Iron Curtain? Filmwise it's pretty functional. Here's the guidance given for boy-meeting-girl in a Soviet director's script: "He pauses and says: 'Bless me, that was a beautiful girl who passed then.' "But he came back to his raving immediately, his wonderful, exhilarating raving." And for a girl's first love: "There it was again—that beating of the heart, it is a flame like a flame as strong as if her tractor were on fire. Her tractor! It was in perfect condition for work on the morrow." Mind you, there's no one like Marilyn Monroe in Soviet films. She'd take anyone's mind off raving.

STAR

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

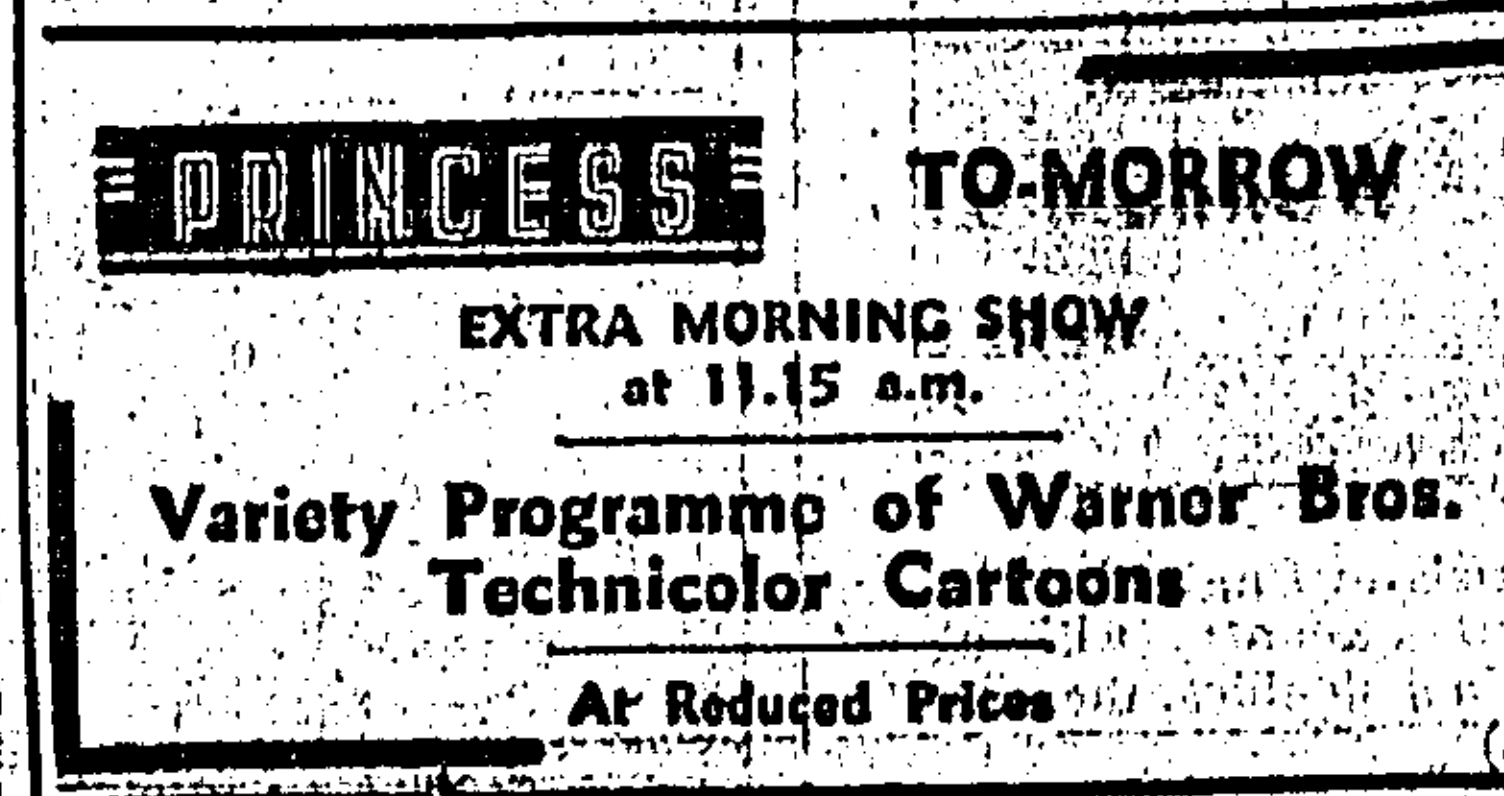


17, 8. THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO
18, M. Broken Arrow
19, Z. Marching Along
20, V. The Green Years
21, T. The Keys of the Kingdom
22, P. — do —
23, S. The Song of Bernadette

FINAL SHOWING Cathay

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

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A GREAT STORY! GREAT MUSIC!



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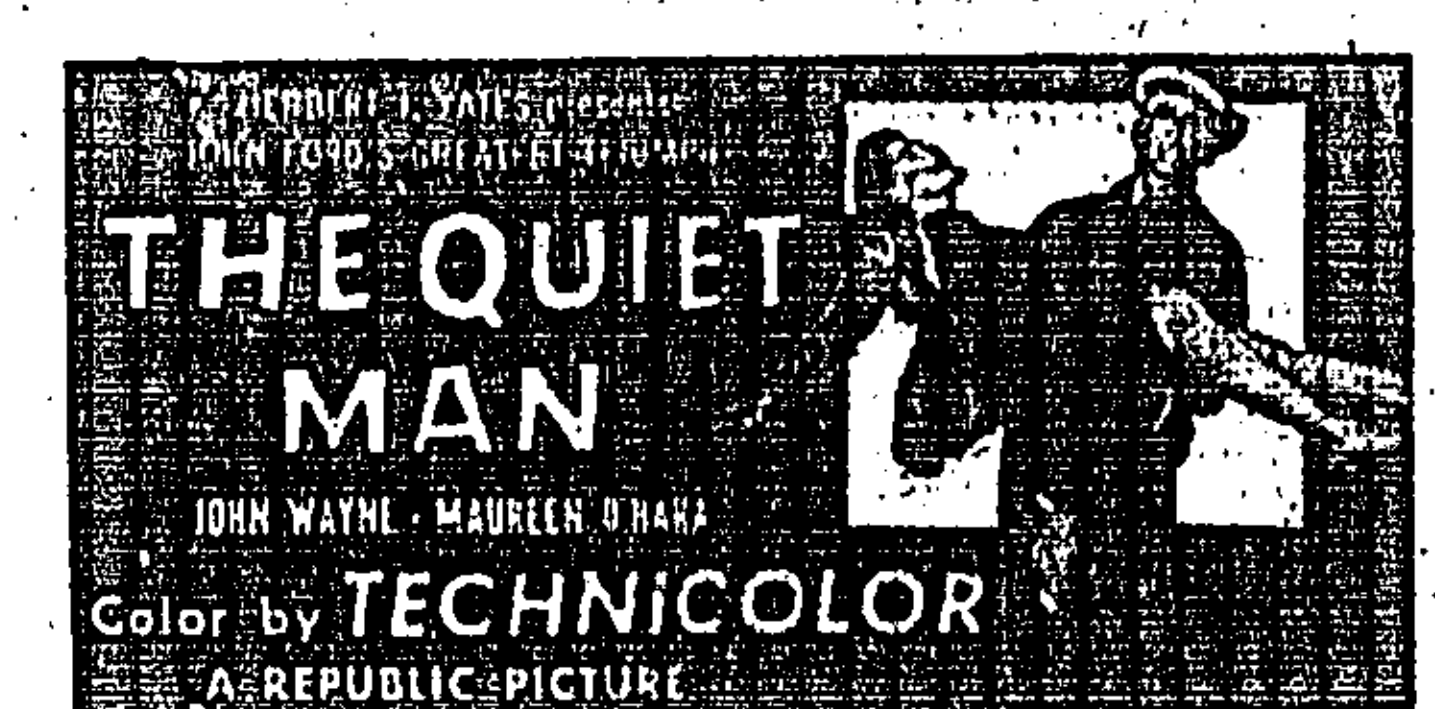
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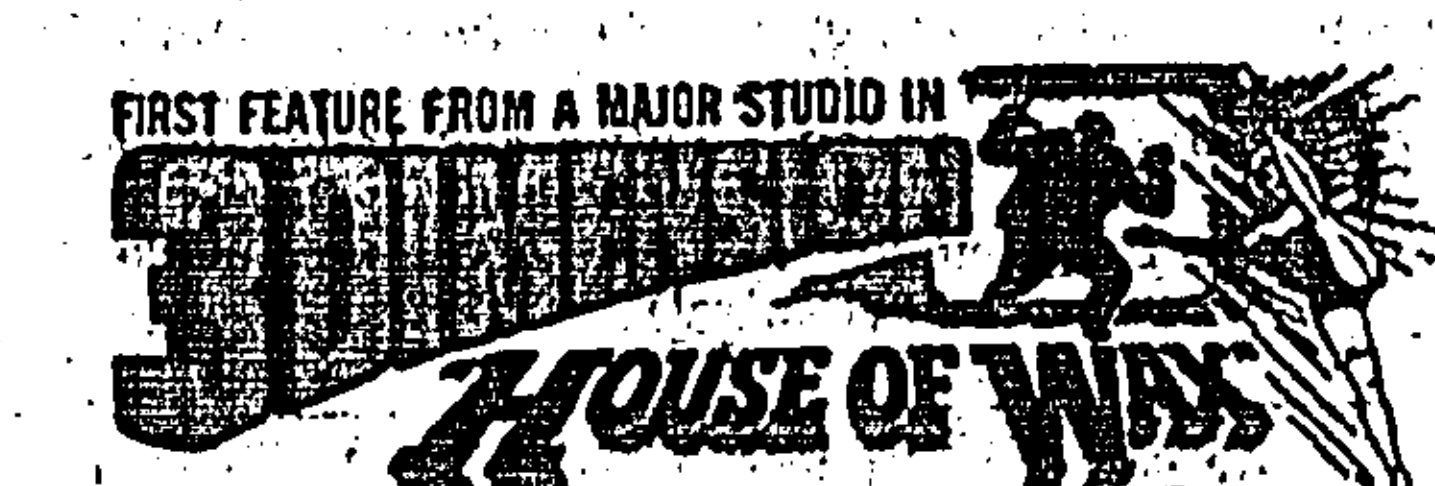
MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
LEE at 11.30 a.m. MIGHTY MOUSE COLOUR CARTOONS PROGRAMME
GREAT WORLD at 12.30 p.m. M-G-M'S TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

ORIENTAL AIR-CONDITIONED

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12.30—2.30—5.30—7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

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FROM WARNER BROS. IN NATURAL VISION! — WARNERCOLOR
VINCENT PRICE FRANK LOVEJOY PHYLLIS KIRK
CAROLYN KROLL PAUL FREZZO — GAIL RAYNE — GAIL RAYNE — GAIL RAYNE

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



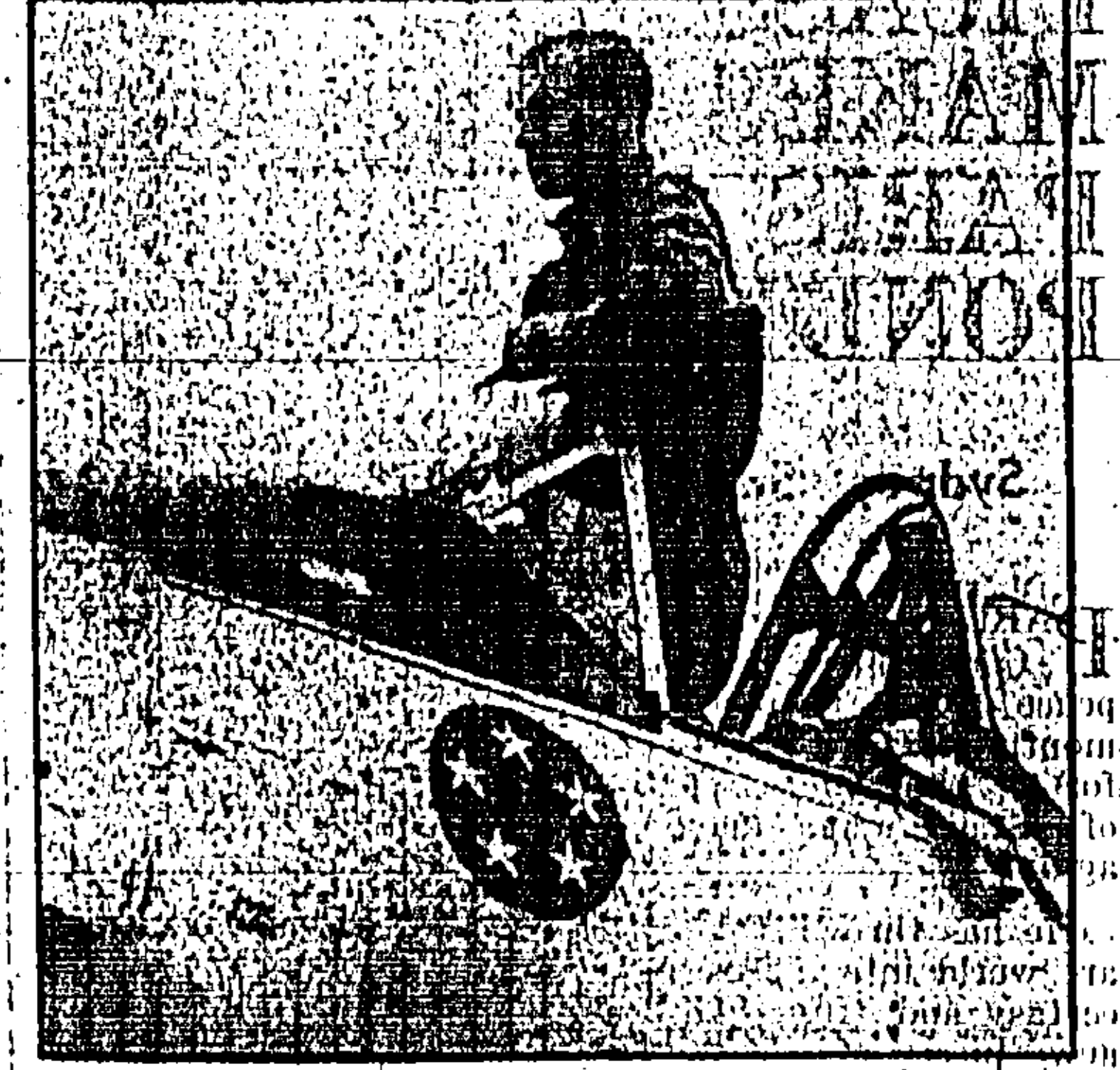
PURPLE, red and black checks — such made up the "harlequin pants" of actress-dancer Leslie Caron when she went for a walk in Hyde Park with Jinnie, half poodle, half spaniel. Leslie was in London for the premiere of her new film, "The Story of Three Loves". (Express)



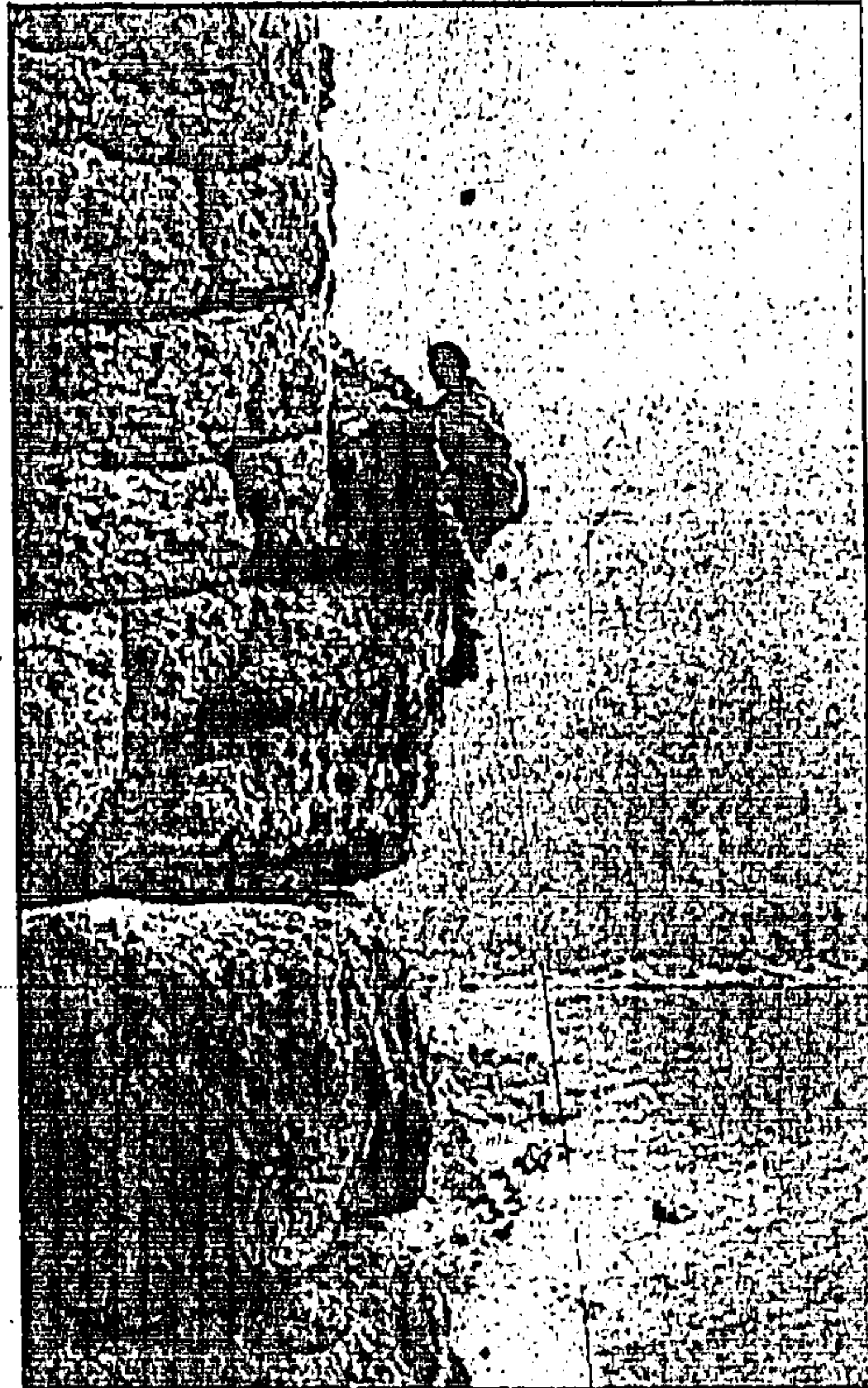
BULGARIAN born ballerina Sonia Arova is here pictured with Oleg Briansky at the rehearsal of their new ballet, "The Merry Widow," which is being produced at the Palace Theatre in Manchester. Twenty-three-year-old Briansky takes the part of Prince Danilo. (Express)



A man who has now nearly finished a royal task for Liverpool is artist John Napper, seen here in his Chelsea studio with his life-size portrait of the Queen, which was commissioned for Liverpool Town Hall. (Reuterphoto)



THE Duke of Edinburgh in the cockpit of his plane at White Waltham, Berkshire, when he made his last three flights before qualifying for his RAF wings as a full fledged pilot. The wings were presented to him later at Buckingham Palace by the Chief of the Air Staff, Air Chief Marshal Sir William Dickson. (Reuterphoto)



LIKE a fly on a wall, Commando Sergeant Mick Guine of London goes up the sheer face of a cliff at Sennen, Cornwall, during an intensive course covering every phase of Commando duties and technique at the Royal Marine Commandos School. Below the undaunted Sergeant are 200 feet of air and rocks! (Central)



THE Queen Mother and Princess Margaret inspecting a display of pottery at the British Industries Fair at Olympia. The distinguished visitors spent much time touring the many sections of this year's exhibition. (Express)

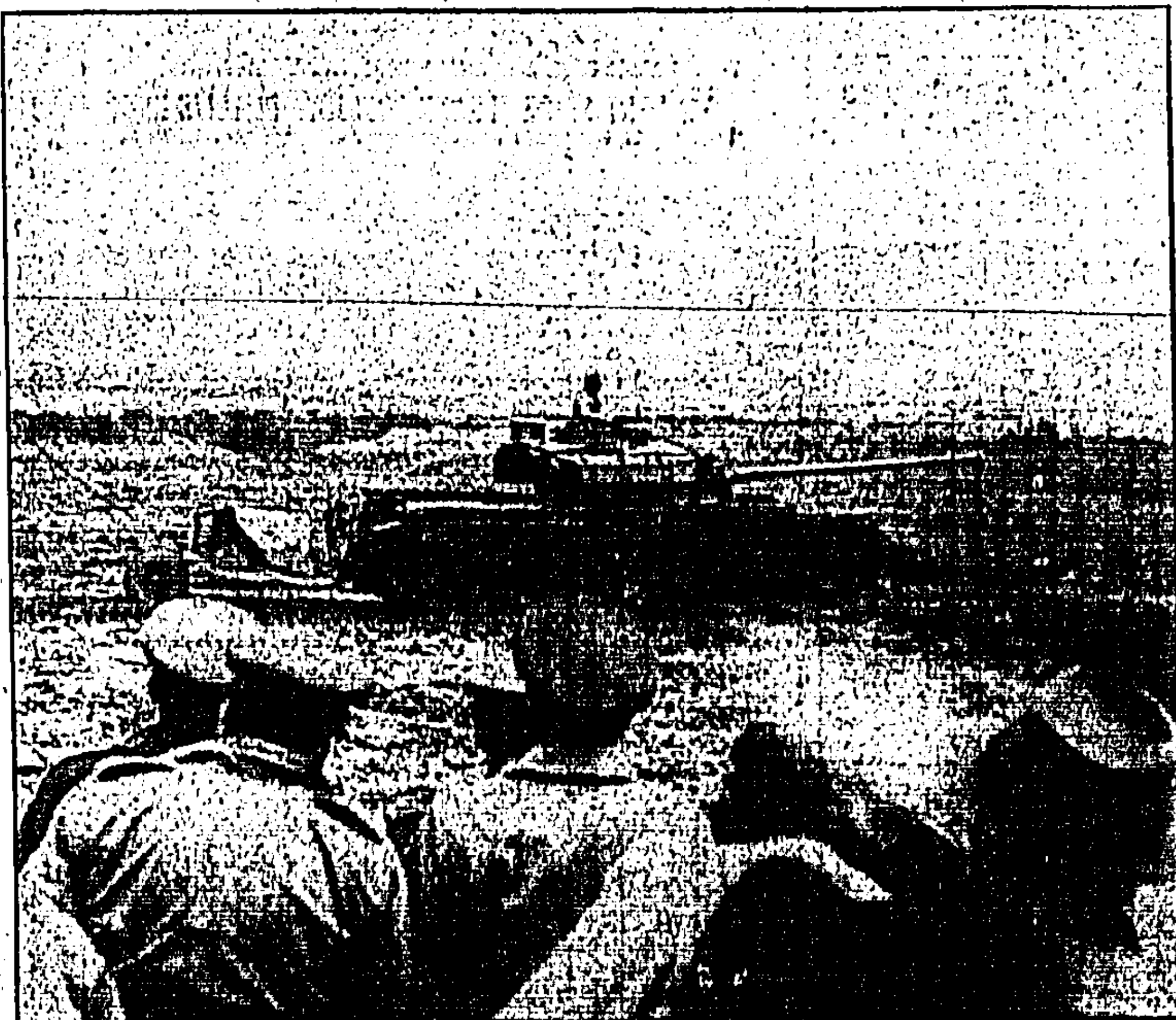


A member of the British Women's Royal Army Corps (foreground below) welcomes members of the women's Services from Australia and New Zealand to their headquarters in Richmond Park, Surrey. These Servicewomen are in Britain for the Coronation. (Express)

GENERAL Hans Spidel (left), former Chief of Staff to Field Marshal Rennie, watches a display of British military weapons on the Royal Armoured Corps range at Lulworth with General Sir Kenneth Crawford. Gen. Spidel is a member of the West German delegation of the European Defence Community Committee. (Central)



DAVID SHEPPARD, 24-year-old England cricketer, who has decided to give up big time cricket to enter the Church. He has been hailed by sports columnists as the coming Len Hutton. But test player David will begin his studies for the Church in October. (Express)



A Centurion tank with the new monotrailer on display in trials in England. The monotrailer enables the Centurion to do over 120 miles across country without refuelling. The trailer carries the extra fuel required. This doubles the distance normally covered. (Army News)



NANCY

This Is A Scoop

By Ernie Bushmiller



PICASSO MAKES PARIS PONDER

By Sydney Smith

PABLO PICASSO, the Communist hater of peace doves, reproved two months ago by the Party for a "bourgeois" portrait of Stalin, has done it again.

He has thrown the Paris art world into a furore of ecstasy and fury with a new piece of "sculpture" made of corrugated bronze, old nails, iron bolts, and a pair of handle-bars from a child's bicycle.

The whole piece of ironmongery, assembled smeared roughly with black and white paint, is called "The Goat and the Bottle."

It was the sensation of a private view at the Paris May Salon, which fills the city's Museum of Modern Art with abstract works by international giants.

Picasso stole the show. He was there to do it in person.

The Master

THE diplomatic corps and the elite of the foreign colony strolled around the 350 paintings and pieces of sculpture shown by the privileged few invited to exhibit. There was a "No-smoking" sign—and no one smoked.

Discreet comments in half-whisper conveyed polite, baffled, or non-committal appreciation. Then a scruffy-looking crowd approached the great bronze main doors. In the centre of it, hatless, hands in the pockets of paint-smeared grey slacks, a grey pullover over a coffee-coloured tieless shirt, a smouldering cigarette butt in his mouth, advanced the Master.

Picasso had come from his retreat near Antibes to make his first public art appearance in Paris for years.

He had come to watch them watching his handle-burred goat. It took him nearly 45 minutes to reach it. He was hunched, he was kissed green and red-check shirts, rumpled corduroys, beads and duffel coats swirled around him while the fashionable mob crammed close to get a glimpse of the sparkling, bearded little man, to wonder if he really was pulling the world's artistic leg.

Said Nothing

PICASSO and his court grinned and smoked their rough black tobacco cigarettes and no one dared tell them not to. So everyone lit up, and the Picasso court and courtiers finally reached the Goat and Bottle in a haze of smoke and a hubbub. No one asked him to explain it.

There was the bottle—a sort of three-dimensional piece of old iron capped by what might have been a cork, bristling with six-inch nails.

Beside it grinned the goat's head, its bright handle-bar horns dappled with black and white spots. Its hair—a mass of nails—its eyes two roughly painted bolts.

"Ravishing," gushed some. "How well I see what he means!"

"What is it?" murmured the more honest and less polite. But the Master grinned through his slatted sunken and posed with his face beside the goat, but said nothing.

Matise, his bitter rival, was not there to pose with his own pair of three-foot square panels of "Blue Nude Women," made out of bits of blue paper stuck on a white background.

But two English sculptors arrived. Kenneth Armitage, creator of a bronze panel with lumps of it called "Sitting group listening to music," and Lynn Chadwick, whose large pieces of painted metal called "Radar," "Blind," and "Sensations."

But no one doubted that the hands of this got Paris.

Communist comment is still reserved for pending instructions from Moscow.



"It's Moscow—say they'd have let us have half a dozen MiGs if we'd gotten them a ticket for the Cup Final."

London Express Service

The Commies Invent The Concentration Monastery

By DENNIS BARDENS

BECAUSE the Communist campaign to suppress the Roman Catholic Church in Czechoslovakia has met with only limited success, a new technique is being tried out—the "concentration monastery."

This, as its name implies, is a cross between a prison camp and a community of priests or nuns. The latter are indoctrinated with Communist ideas, so that on release they will, it is hoped, use their authority with the people in the interests of the regime.

Since everybody knows—and particularly the Roman Catholics, who, invariably have been persecuted wherever Communism has gained a foothold—that Communism is basically hostile to all religion, such a scheme seems absurd, but it must be remembered that the Soviet satellite regimes are modelled, in most respects, on Communism as practised in Russia, where a campaign against religion has continued ever since the Revolution.

Lenin said that "...every idea of God, even flirting with the idea of God, is unutterable vileness." Since then churches have been closed, priests imprisoned and executed, funds confiscated, buildings destroyed

or used for other purposes, and a non-stop anti-religious campaign—abating sometimes in fury, for reasons of political convenience—waged through press, radio, schools and books.

DIFFICULT

COMMUNISM is hostile to religion, because the Communist State is a dictatorship in which individual conscience and any sense of morality higher than that of the State have no place. But in a country like Czechoslovakia, where Catholics, the problem of suppressing religion is a difficult one. For the Church extends to every town and village, and the people know the men and women who serve it, their records and their characters. Priests who have commended themselves by force of example are not easily discredited.

Restrictions on the Church's freedom to manage its own affairs and the appointment of renegade priests to important posts, such as Vicars-General or Directors of Episcopal offices, and strange priests who have denounced "Vatican agents" in

Czechoslovakia, proving by their own words that their authority is bogus and usurped—are two methods by which the Czechoslovak Communists have already tried to subordinate the Church to the Party.

That they have failed is clearly reflected in the enormous number of concentration camps run specially for clergy and nuns. There are over 50 in Czechoslovakia.

Conditions in these "monasteries" are by no means so severe as in most concentration camps, but the mental torment should not be underestimated. Neither priests nor nuns have any choice in the matter, nor can they decide when they will leave. And they are subjected during their stay to a barrage of propaganda which must be abhorrent, and urged by veiled threats to be disloyal to their Church, their Faith and their duty.

EACH DAY

As internment camps go, according to reports reaching the West, the accommodation is not too unsatisfactory. Each prisoner has a bed and his own bed-linen, and there are seldom more than seven to a room. The filth and overcrowding associated with concentration camps are not a feature of the "concentration monasteries." Nor is there much physical abuse at these places (I am not speaking of those who have incurred the displeasure of the Secret Police, and are interrogated elsewhere).

The day begins at six o'clock officially, but actually prisoners, as they are in fact though not in name, celebrate

simply a device to get them to betray the independence of their Church and lead their flocks into the Communist fold.

One of the questions asked is: "What do you think of the policy of the Roman Pope?" Another is: "Do you think that the Roman Catholic Church can co-operate with a People's Democratic regime?" Some of them are simple statements, for which confirmation is sought, such as: "What is your opinion of the 'treacherous bishops'?"

If the questioner is satisfied with the answers, you may get your release. But it is better not to say: "If you want your freedom, I am satisfied with the Pope's leadership," or "I don't know what you mean by 'treacherous' bishops. To whom or what have they been treacherous, and by what law?"

That would be a sure way of remaining a prisoner for the rest of your life!

COURSES

THE usual reasons for internment are lack of enthusiasm for the regime; there may be no active offence, such as direct opposition, at all. Some priests have been arrested and imprisoned simply because they command the respect and affection of the people.

The "crime" of one prisoner was that he had dissuaded students from attending the Faculty of Theology at a Communist-controlled university. Another, a Dean, lost his freedom for discouraging "subordinates from attending political rallies of the 'patriotic priests'—priests who support the Soviet-inspired Communist 'peace movement'."

Under the guise of paternal concern for the "welfare" of the interned priest, "education" courses are run which are an assault on personal and intellectual freedom, and above all on religion. Attendance at the daily press reviews, and at readings from the Party-controlled Catholic News is compulsory.

The unhappy priests and nuns are forced to sit through a weekly lecture by a representative of the State Office for Church Affairs on such subjects as "peace," "imperialism" and "espionage."

The camp cinema is also brought into play. Once again attendance is compulsory, while the films shown depict Western life in its worst light and Communist life as a paradise. The camp supervisor follows with an argument against the "decadence" of the West.

The questions asked of priests and nuns at regular intervals are

REPORTER PLAYS HERO IN A REAL-LIFE DRAMA

From DONALD LUDLOW

NEW YORK. LEAN, middle-aged reporter with cropped hair and heavy horn-rimmed glasses is the hero of a real-life story as dramatic as any Hollywood film.

After seven years of relentless probing for the truth, he freed an innocent man sentenced to life imprisonment for murder.

The reporter, Edward J. Mowery, of the New York World-Telegram and Sun, has been honoured with a Pulitzer Prize (worth 1,000 dollars), one of the two donated by Columbia University.

But the reward Mowery prizes most is the memory of a day last November when short, balding Louis J. Hoffner walked out of gaol a free man.

Hoffner was sentenced to life imprisonment in 1941 for a murder and robbery in New York bar.

Mowery doubted his guilt and kept pondering. Four years later he turned up evidence of

perjury and his search for the truth began in earnest. He tracked down missing witnesses and persuaded them to speak, then kept on until a new trial was granted—a reporter and public opinion overcoming legal prejudices against it.

GENERAL JAMES VAN FLEET, former commander of the U.S. Eighth Army in Korea, and fierce critic since his retirement of the way the war has been fought, is going into show business.

He has accepted a directorship offered by Mr. Spyros Skouras, boss of Twentieth Century-Fox.

THE National Society of Autograph Collectors is changing its name to the Manuscript Society because "we are tired of being taken for a bunch of bobbysoxers chasing celebrities."

Not one member is a teenager.

REMEMBER the mouse in the White House? The American Feline Society is offering a pair

of pedigree cats to Mrs. Eisenhower as a "rodent insurance" and to break the long-believed and silly superstition that the President dies if a cat enters the White House.

Robert Lohar Kendell, president of the society, says he tried in vain to persuade Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt to accept a gift of cats and that "Mrs. Warren Harding and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge threw the cats bodily out of the White House."

FRED HAMELIN and Clyde Hamblin, piled bricks from the wall of their ground-floor cell in Chittenden jail, Vermont, crawled through, and celebrated their freedom by cracking a safe containing 400 dollars.

Then, deciding the law was least likely to look for them under its own nose, they crawled back into the cell and replaced the bricks.

They might have got away with it, too, admitted Sheriff Perry, if they had not begun acting "sort of strange." Then the money was found in their bedding.

Afternoon Tea ... Bermaline ... Brown ...
 Cheese Loaf ... Coburg ... Coffee Tea ...
 Collas ... Cottage ... Cue ... Curran ...
 Farmhouse ... French ... Fruit Ma ...
 It ... Long Fruit Malt ... Lodgers ... M ...
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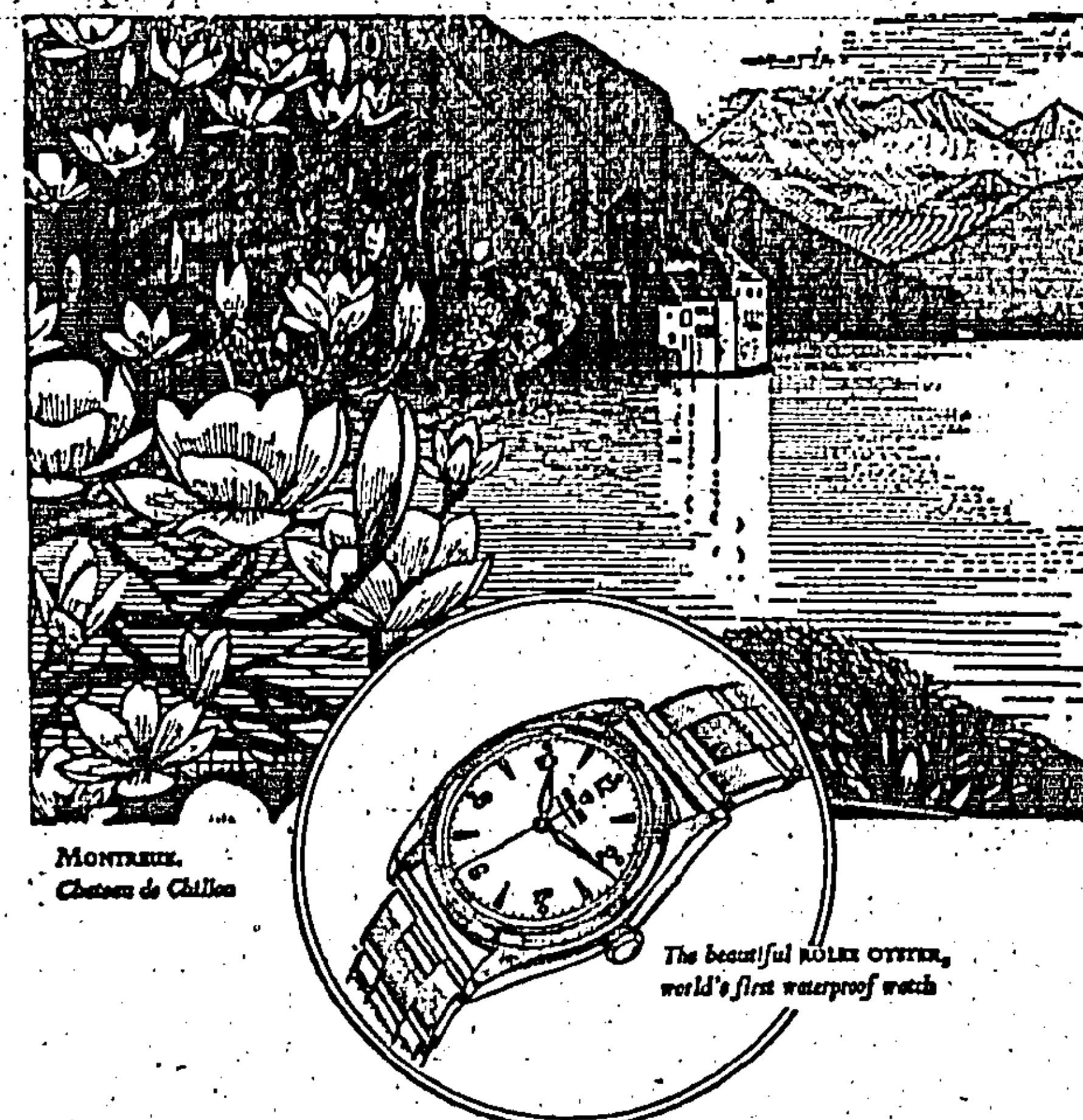
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Are you SHY?

MRS. AMBER BLANCO-WHITE

wife of the divorce commissioner and a lecturer
on the art of conversation, opens a series to
help the tongue-tied and the hesitant talkers

WHEN people are too shy to talk to strangers, they often make the excuse: "I can never think of anything to talk about."

I asked five good, confident talkers whether they ever make a mental list of suitable subjects before they break the ice.

They all said that it depended on the occasion.

If they stood at all in awe of the people they were about to meet, they did.

Now a good topic for general conversation must interest everyone and frighten nobody. It must not lead to violent and irreconcilable differences of opinion.

Otherwise both sides are likely to lose their tempers, and although furious argument may be amusing to watch it is not good talk.

Sport, money, and sex are three themes that attract much interest—but they are topics which need careful handling in general conversation.

SPORT? Certainly—if you know that the people you are talking to are sport fans.

MONEY? Yes and no. In mixed company, private grievances about the amount of one's house-keeping allowance or what on earth becomes of it are apt to tinge the conversation with bitterness.

PRICES are a different matter. We all feel alike here and everybody can join in happily.

Even the shopkeeper can sympathise—because he can talk about his differences with the whole sale merchants.

Remember, however, that men earn money, women spend it.

It is important to appreciate the difference that this makes to men's

point of view! SEX? Every healthy-minded person should be willing to discuss sex, but really it is not a suitable topic except among groups who know each other well.

Standards differ too widely. Everyone draws a line somewhere—and these lines often turn up in most unexpected places.

My own list of good topics to open up conversation would include conversation itself, television, sensational crime, and news and wonders of various kinds— from flying saucers to the ghosts that none of us believe in.

Then there are gadgets, the best place to spend a summer holiday, identical twins, the folly of people who queue all night and faint next morning before a procession comes by, cooking, keeping children in order, and clothes. There is a strange difference of attitude towards the last three topics. When men discuss them, they are treated with great seriousness.

But the good talker is always on the look out for the unexpected. He never forgets that the most unlikely people will have something to say worth hearing—if only it can be drawn out of them.

This ties up with the art of getting on with people.... starting with the technique of breaking the ice.

THIS
is the way
to become a
good talker



Illustrations by HOFFNUNG

When women discuss them, the topics are supposed to be "just women's chatter".... mere gossip.

But why is there such criticism of women's gossip?

Malice apart, there is a lot to be said for it.

Not to enjoy a good gossip is inhuman. It keeps us in touch with one another, it helps make a community out of a drifting group.

So the most valuable conversations may be had by women at all. They can be brief exchanges of odds-and-ends remarks during the rest-break or in-the-bar.

"Did you back the winner of the 2,300?" "That jumper you knitted looks nice—I wish I had the patience to knit one myself."

Nothing is said that matters—even a joke may be feeble—but behind it all is cheerfulness and toleration.

These casual contacts are not nearly so superficial as they seem. For they ward off loneliness, they give the mind a rest from work and worry.

Shy people so often keep quiet because they think that conversation must depend on intellect and wit. But good conversation is not confined to famous people.

The one rule for good talk is that you must be able to contribute something that will interest others. That means first taking an interest in other people and the things that go on about you.

Few people make full use of their senses. They do not look, do not listen, and, if one may judge from the food they put up with, they do not taste.

They do not notice the buildings they pass every day.

They stare at a shop window only to pick out articles that they would like to buy themselves.

But the good talker is always on the look out for the unexpected. He never forgets that the most unlikely people will have something to say worth hearing—if only it can be drawn out of them.

This ties up with the art of getting on with people.... starting with the technique of breaking the ice.



Before that, every good talker must keep these rules in mind—

NEVER tell funny stories about your own children unless you are certain that you would find the stories funny if Mrs Jones told them to you about her own child.

NEVER try to start a long conversation with the grocer—or anyone else who is busy.

NEVER talk to yourself in the middle of talking to others.... (No—was it the end of August? Perhaps it was the first week in September.... I know it was after Uncle Fred visited us.... Yes—it was in August....)

NEVER describe the plot of a film or novel. It is probably the least important thing about the anecdote you have to tell, and it is also extremely difficult to do it well.

NEVER apologise for something that you are really proud of.... ("I don't know anything about art, music, or poetry. BUT....")

Above all, never forget that it is far more of a strain for most human beings to listen than to do the talking. Once you do start, don't go on and on....

NEXT SATURDAY
How to break the ice

THE GUARDS? BEAU GESTE? SOFT STUFF, SAY LEGIONNAIRES

By JACK MERRICK

London. BEAU GESTE? Oh, how they laughed at that in the tiny living-room of a house in Southeast London.

They were still laughing about it in the early hours a fortnight ago, were Sergeant Alexander Zaliwski and his four guests.

For this was a reunion of REAL Legionnaires—or former ones, at any rate—they explained. A time to recall desert exploits and skirmishes with Rifis such as Hollywood never dreamed of.

Take tough old Sergeant Zaliwski for instance. It was he who called the party to celebrate Legion Day.

He was the best of all, agreed John Yeowell, at 35 now a civil servant; Benedict Bielave, 39-year-old Pole, an electrician; Geoffrey Richardson, a pilgrimage organiser; and Michael Papettas, 23-year-old Greek, "baby" of the party, who is a dancer.

They raised their glasses of Algerian red wine—the same as they always drank in Morocco—towards the sergeant, and Mr Bielave said:—

"Believe me, a man who was in the Legion in 1921—there's a man that really lived."

Said Richardson: "He's the spirit of the old Legion. He was a sergeant there long before Hollywood ever heard of 'Beau Geste'...."

PAPETTAS
"The baby."

Polish-born Sergeant Zaliwski, who says he's 54 (some whisper he's 64) was a captain in the White Russian Army before he joined the Legion as a private at Sidi-bel-Abbes, the Algerian headquarters, in 1921.

Five months later he became a corporal at 13.50 francs a month and after two years a sergeant at 300 francs.

The difference between a corporal and a sergeant in the Legion is like that between a clerk and a director of the Bank of England," he explained.

He led his men against the rebel Rifis of Abdel Krim in Morocco—a tough little guerrilla war—they attack you in front, from behind, from all sides....

Today, the sergeant is a lift attendant at a fashionable West End hotel.

Tough then

His Croix du Guerre (Morocco) and Oudissam Alouito (the Sultan of Morocco's Legion of Honour) are tucked away in a drawer. But his eyes still light up at a mention of the Legion.

"It was tough in my day; it's softer now," he mused. "The handsome young Greek jumped to his feet. 'There's nothing soft about the discipline,' he exclaimed, pointing to a scar on his nose."

That's where I was punched in the face by an officer and

knocked unconscious for answering back, and there's where I was kicked and my leg almost broken."

Said Richardson: "It's a hard school; the Grenadier Guards are a pussy-foot outfit compared with the Legion—and that's no kidding."

Mr Yeowell, of Seymour-place, W., joined the Legion when he was 20; Mr Richardson, of King Henry's-drive, Addington, Surrey, was in from 1936 to 1940.

Mr Bielave, of Sydenham-hill, Crystal Palace, ran away to escape the harsh discipline of a farm in 1935.... and was in the Legion eight years.

And young Michael Papettas, the dancer, was a cavalry man from 1940 to 1951.

They all were as vehement as Sergeant Zaliwski in denouncing deserters.

"They are the only ones" who speak badly of the Legion," said Mr Richardson.

And they raised their glasses of red wine for the last time at the party for a proud toast: La Legion Etrangere.



ALEXANDER ZALIWSKI
"The spirit of the Legion."

I MEET THE COUNTESS WHO HATES MONEY

By R. M. MacCOLL

Buenos Aires. "WHAT is money compared to friendship? What is money compared with love?"

Anita Thyssen, only daughter of the late Fritz Thyssen, the multi-millionaire steel tycoon of the Ruhr, who has just inherited between \$10,000,000 and \$12,000,000 sterling, following a decision of the Allied High Command in Germany on the disposition of her father's fortune, greeted me with these questions.

Anita Thyssen, now the Countess Zichy, but separated from her Hungarian husband, lives on a luxurious estate at Tigre, about an hour's drive from Buenos Aires, in a region where scores of small islands scattered about in the delta of the River Parana form made-to-order hideaways for the rich who seek seclusion.

"This money? Take it from me—I don't care," she said, flashing a brilliant smile.

The Countess Zichy is a woman of enormous vivacity who

laughs constantly and shrilly. She has protuberant, restless eyes, fluffed out frizzy chestnut hair and a full, florid face.

She wore an emerald green blouse beneath a brown tailor-made ensemble. At her throat was a brief length of pearls, and marquise earrings twinkled at the angles of her jaw.

So many people

"I'm not a materialist and, oh my—I have no interest in money," she said. "It's my fault that I don't like these things. I just like people who like me for myself. When you are rich—ah Gott—so many people come around you and say they like you."

"But how is one to know? With great money one walks through a jungle."

The Countess had come into Buenos Aires to meet me, and the interview took place in the office of her business manager and agent, a gigantic man named Wilhelm von Winterhalter.

Von Winterhalter, beaming and twinkling through thick-lensed spectacles, flanked her on one

side. On the other sat sleek and handsome Baron Alfred von Huankvina, von Winterhalter's business associate.

At intervals von Winterhalter or the Baron would smilingly intervene with some suggestion or emendation, only to be brushed aside by the radiant Countess.

"I have been expecting this for two years, and so it is now a bit of an anti-climax," said the Countess. "But everything is all right—very all right."

"You must realise I have no interest in money as such," ("She has 10,000 cows—heard of cattle, you call them," rumbled von Winterhalter in a Falstaff-like aside.) "I live the simple life out at Tigre—very simple."

Von Winterhalter: "She has a loofah tennis court and a superb swim pool."

"I like dogs more than people—they are so much more trustworthy," went on the Countess, shifting her brown suede shoes about.

"Give me my cocker spaniels and my poodles—how much better they are than mere persons."

"Now, Anita," put in the Baron childishly.

"I am divorced—but very happy, believe me. And what's more, I intend to get married three more times—so there! Love, marriage—aha, that is life!"

Servants? "I have about 20" (Brief argument with von Winterhalter who seemed to want to scale down the number).

Her sons? The Countess grew even more vivacious. "I have two, Frederick and Augustus, aged 10, who was born in Germany, and Claudius, aged 11, born here in Argentina. They are fine boys. Both play the accordion very well."

"Pocket money? Very strict. Frederick gets 200 pesos a month (about £5) and Claudius 50 pesos monthly (£1.6s.). But Frederick has to pay his school fares out of that."

Joie de vivre

The Countess threw up her hands, fairly bubbling over with joie de vivre.

"I shall go to Switzerland—to everywhere—I shall travel—I shall eagerly seek friendship and affection. A necessary purity? No, no, not necessary."

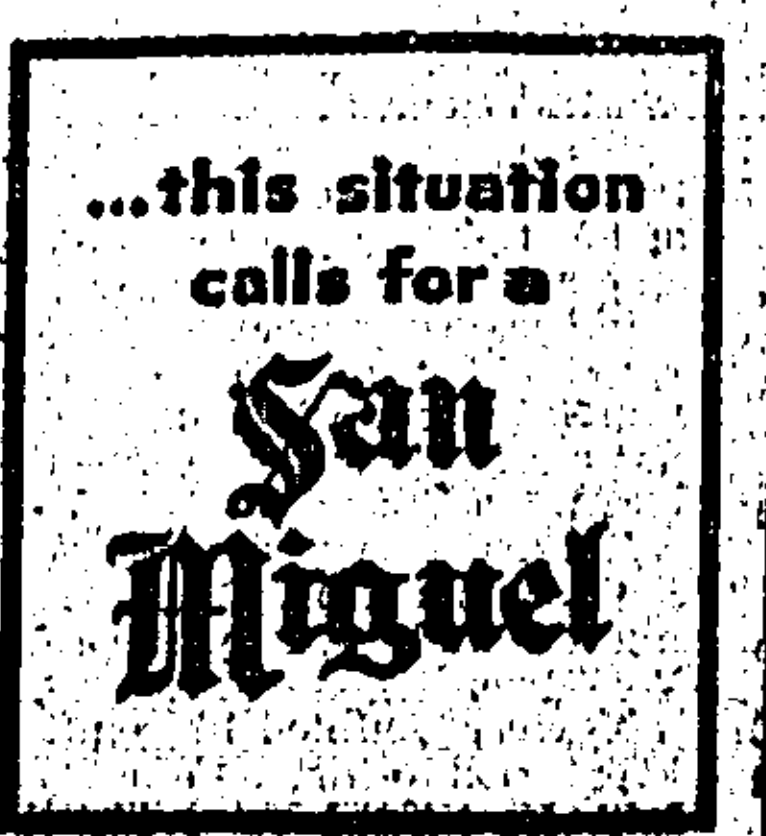
"Buy a yacht? Heavens, no—much too expensive. I like the simple things like horseriding. And reading—I love to read. Now I can afford a few good books. Your Somerset Maugham—there is a writer. But detective stories? Phooey!"

She paused and reverted to her sons. "You know," she said, speaking quietly for the first time, "I hope they will manage to live without money, on the mix of it. Money in large amounts is not good for one's health, one's well-being and one's happiness."

Suddenly the smile had vanished and she added: "I hate it really."

"Oh now, look here, Countess," said the indignant von Winterhalter. "You can't mean that?" "But I do mean it—I hate it," said the Countess with emphasis.

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

...this situation
calls for a
San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Eve Perrick LUNCHES IN LONDON WITH THE SMARTEST GIRL IN PARIS

Enter mademoiselle

—TO SHOW US
HOW TO ADD
A TOUCH OF
ELEGANCE

TOOK the girl who has just been elected "The Most Striking Looking Woman in Paris" to the smartest restaurant in London. This is what happened.

Twenty-one-year-old law student and model girl Danielle Santoin (right), who won the title made an effective enough entrance.

Harriet Cohen stopped to admire her necklace; Terence Rattigan broke off his conversation with Anais de Gruwald and looked interested; an American, in blissful ignorance, said to his companion: "These British girls certainly have something."

Miss Santoin was enjoying herself, too. Like it seemed since she had given up her earlier hopes of becoming a lawyer and taken up modelling instead, was just wonderful.

She keeps on winning

She had met M. Aurio, the President of France, and actor Fernandel. And she kept on winning titles.

As well as the "Striking Looking" champion she was also the "Girl with the Second Smallest Waist (18ins.) in France." And just two weeks ago she had borrowed a £250 corset and taken first prize in the "Beauty and the Beast" contest.

She was specially happy about that. "All the most distinguished women in Paris, like Princess Ghika and the Comtesse de La Rochevaucourt, entered for it—but I won," purred Danielle.

So she had little regret about neglecting her law studies.

Anyway, here was her chance to do a little judging on the side.

I whispered to Paris's most elegant lady: "What are your views on the women here?"

Danielle looked around carefully and gave her verdict.

"Allegretto," she said, firmly dismissing the editor of a woman's magazine, "should never be worn in the afternoon."

A certain famous actress looked "tres distinguée but tres fatigued," and a lesser-known actress should not have chosen a straw daisy-trimmed hat to wear with a fur coat.

A marchioness in mink and yellow bonnet got the accolade for "the best-dressed woman there."

"But then," sighed Miss Santoin, "mink is always elegant. It's about time somebody thought of something new."

6 Mink?
Time they thought of something new



VIRGINIA MCKENNA
A place with the elite.

★ TIGERS (CHEAP)

AFTER the tiger-shooting season has ended, the Rajah of Gauripur dies himself with 22 tamed elephants on his hands and is prepared to sell at bargain prices.

The animals, all genuine wild beasts which have been caught in the jungle and made docile by playing loud music at them for nights on end so that they could not sleep and finally gave in, have been reduced from 3,000 rupees (£250) a head to half that figure.

Mr. Butler can take no credit for this tremendous money-saver. The rajah says the market value of elephants has dropped considerably since the maharajahs in the new India are cutting down their living standards.

★ SNOWPIECE

A NEW face has been added to the distinguished portrait gallery in Court photographer Dorothy Wilding's Bond Street show-case.

Elected to the elite which ranges from the Queen, Princess Margaret, and the Duke of Edinburgh to Douglas Fairbanks and Noel Coward, the very pretty, but only recently famous actress Virginia McKenna.

★ A BOUQUET

THE OVERJOYED to learn that Stanley Baker, a now-famous actor who specialises in tough-guy roles (the nasty man in "The Cruel Sea" and a natter on in forthcoming Alan Ladd picture), can be seen most week-ends "serving flowers in his wife's florist shop in the Bromington Road."

★ LEARNED LADY

THE HOMER, said Miss Mary Barker, "is a Hebrew dry measure containing 10 ephahs, or about 22 lbs. It is a bird that occasionally visits Britain in the spring and has very handsome plumage of a golden buff colour, and a peculiar cry—"

Still 'Mister'

"Sir Winston, I'm afraid, is going to be plain Mr. Churchill for another year and a half, as far as we're concerned. And Malenkov, cropped up too late to make the next edition."

"Then when we add a new name to the list, an old one, somewhere near it, has to be taken out to make room. This year, for instance, I'm putting in Norman Douglas and taking out Admiral Doenitz."

As you can see, it's quite a harassing job. Times, for relaxation Miss Barker reads Ruskin and Olds.

(London Express Service)



Party Hors d'Oeuvres Make A Hit With Guests

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

"DIFFERENT and new hors d'oeuvres to serve at parties," said an American TV and radio star. Here are some suggestions to relieve the monotony:

Party Hors d'Oeuvres

Vegetable Hors d'Oeuvres: Notch thin rounds of peeled carrots. Place in water to crisp. Dice cubes of liverwurst and impale on picks. Top each with a carrot flower, and stick into a grapefruit with the lower part sliced off so the fruit will stand upright. Border with celery curls, crisp radishes with their green leaves, and sliced sliced cucumber.

Onion Cheese Tarts: Cut sharp Cheddar cheese into small cubes. Impale on picks and top each with a tiny pearl onion. Arrange as directed in the preceding recipe.

A Brace of Canapés

Bacon Canapés: Fry or broil 1/4 lb. thin-sliced bacon until crisp. Drain and crush fine. Combine with 1/2 c. chutney sauce and spread on crisp-fried slices of bread, fingers of Melba toast or crisp cocktail crackers.

Salty Sea Canapés: Rub 1/2 c. flaked crabmeat, lobster or shrimp to a paste. Add 8 minced stuffed olives, 1 tsp. lemon juice, 1/4 tsp. paprika and 3 drops tabasco. Blend with a very little stiff mayonnaise. Serve on canapé biscuits or saltines. Top each with an olive slice.

Hot Cheese Bon Bouchees

Roll rich pie pastry to 1/4-in. thickness. Cut in 2-in. squares. On half of each place 1 tsp. snappy cheese. Fold over, turn-over fashion, and press the edges together with the tines of

a fork. Brush with melted butter, dust with paprika, and bake in a hot oven, 425° F. Serve at once.

Dinner:
Tomato Juice Cocktail
Corned Beef with
Home-made Mustard
Potatoes Carrots Cabbage
Fruits in Limb Gelatin
Coffee Tea Milk

Trick of the Chef
Place cooked corned beef in a baking pan. Pour over 1/2 c. vinegar drained from sweet pickles. Cover with 1/2 c. brown sugar mixed with 1/2 tsp. pastry spice, 1/2 c. fine crumbs and 1 tsp. prepared mustard. Bake 45 min. at 350° F.

Beach Look



By VERA WINSTON

SOMETHING new, different and pretty for the right figure is the bathing suit with the wrapped look. It is demonstrated here by a suit of elasticised rayon faille. The shirred bust section sets into the slightly cuffed surplus line. The diagonally seamed front panel, by which the wrapped look is achieved, is slightly draped at the side. The suit is effective in either dark or pastel tones and pretty sure to be a hit for the summer.

THE THINGS THEY BUY THE SKIRT --- Grass and Straw

By HAZEL MEYRICK

LONDON'S stores are crowded at the moment with two sets of harassed shoppers: Londoners planning to escape from the capital, searching for holiday outfits; and overseas visitors, here for the Coronation, looking for clothes to take back as souvenirs.

THE SILK SUIT—something between a garden party dress and a jumper-suit. Introduced by Lachances in his spring collection, it is now copied in the ready-to-wear ranges. It is sleeveless, collarless, and with a breath-taking neckline that makes it practically topology.

The suit is made of coarse silk twill, in muted colours like coffee, porridge and grey. In the inexpensive ranges it comes in a new crease-resisting rayon dupion.

The jacket dips down towards the derriere, is fastened in front by pebble-sized buttons. The neckline is either a decollete shoulderwide square, or a deep cut-away circle.

The skirt features an important new line. It has no side seams but a flat box pleat in front, shaped like a mermaid's tail. The sleeves are merely broad shoulder-straps.

THE SILK SCARF they're all buying is one created by Oliver Messel, the theatrical designer. It's a Coronation square of pink silk with the Royal cipher, Coronation coach, and other emblems imprinted on it.

In pure gold. This is done by a new process which means you can wash and wear the scarf instead of putting it in a glass case. It costs five guineas.

THE CROWNLESS HAT is a circle of straw with a hole in the centre where the crown should be. Rudolph, Digby Morton's pet milliner, showed it in the form of a giant scalloped cartwheel. Now women are making their own by buying up cheap straw sombreros and cutting the crowns out of them.

You tie a coloured scarf round your head, gypsy fashion, and plonk the straw brim over it; wear the brim on its own, tied in place with a voluminous becker's veil, or draw your hair up through the centre into a giant cottage loaf chignon.

THE PACKABLE HAT is being bought by people with suitcase trouble. It is an Anglified version of Givenchy's Paris chapeau—a straight strip of polished white baku straw wound tightly round the head into a topless fez, buttoned together at the back.

Another suitcase-happy hat on sale is a copy of one of Dior's models. It is a close-fitting skull cap of grey cotton denim, with curled petal edges which overshadow the face.

The bicycle clip hat, the kind that grips your head by a

spring, seems to have disappeared this year. A good thing, too. I bought one last summer, and was walking out in it, when the thing suddenly sprung backwards off my head and was annihilated under a bus.

Two never worn one since. Prints on hats may be in—but not those made by bus wheels.

THE GRASS SKIRT has come to town, for the girls who want to go native. Schiaparelli took over a London night-club for the evening to show her own exotic version of it. It was made from fine strands of pure spun silk, sewn into place by hand in a series of spiralled fringes. It might at one time have owed a vague allegiance to the hula-hula girl's original but in this form it looked frankly Mae West (one of Schiaparelli's customers).

Genuine grass skirts are selling like hot cakes to holiday makers who want something different for the beach, or debutantes who want to shock mother and impress their friends at parties. These skirts are made from lacquered raffia or straw, in emerald, black and lush scarlet. There are matching strapless tops of poplin, trimmed with waving fronds of grass and the skirts are held together by circles of plaited raffia. But oh! beware of cigarette ends!

THE PATCHWORK SKIRT is this week's Cinderella story. An enterprising London designer found a way of using up scraps of material lying around in her workshop by making them up into circular patchwork skirts. They're on display in all the model salons, and are being seized upon by rich girls who want to cultivate a poor look. Meanwhile, from the chain-stores, poor girls are buying similar skirts at a fraction of the price of the original, made up in a patchwork print so real that you have to handle it to tell the difference.

Madam, your slip is showing—but not in the new petticoats on sale in London. Made in cotton cambric with cambric tops, they have a triple row of pleat edging round the hem. If your slip is too long for you, you just cut it off at the appropriate row of stitching.

Tall girls in London are looking with envy on their opposite number overseas. News comes that British designers have now invented nylon stockings that stretch to fit females with long legs.

This means no wide gap between girdle and stocking-top, no more being bent double by yard-long suspenders. But, like most good things in Britain at the moment, they're for export only, so you'll be seeing them before we do.



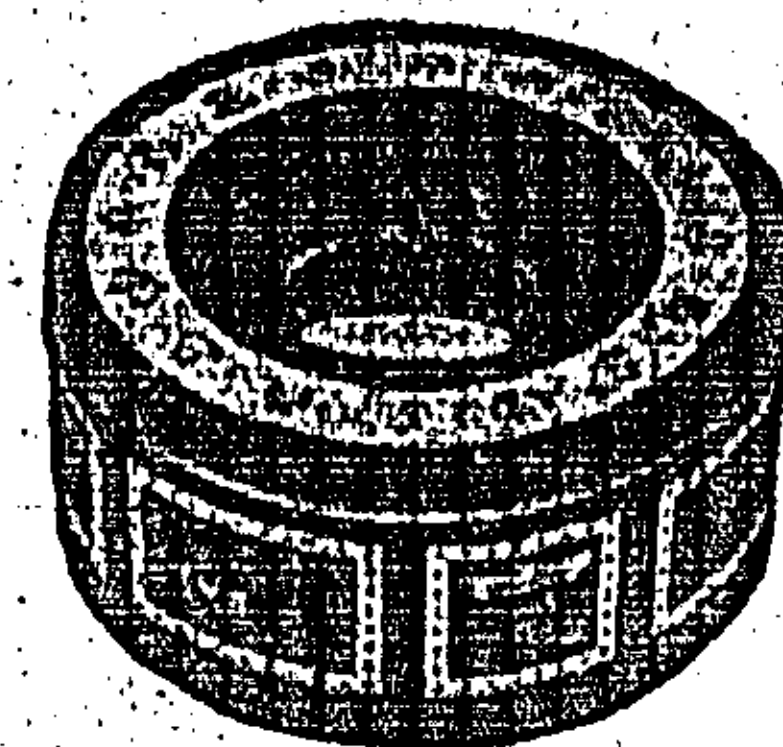
The English Look is typified by these two dresses designed for wear during Coronation week.

LEFT: For Presentation Parties. Right: shows a simply cut dress of white self-striped organza, with a wide skirt and a bunch of marguerites tucked into the belt. With it goes a parasol in matching material.

RIGHT: To wear at the Coronation services, Arthur Banks has designed this Victorian-style gown in white brocade. It has a pleated tulle petticoat front, edged with brocade leaves and roses, and sprinkled with silver sequins and diamonds.

Peek Peck's Biscuits

Coronation Souvenir
"THE QUEEN'S DRUM"



receives special commendation by the Council of Industrial Design and as a result thereof a rare tribute by "The Times", London in the publication of a photograph of the Drum in the issue of 24th February 1953. It marks an ideal Coronation gift and is available at all leading Stores and Comprodores.

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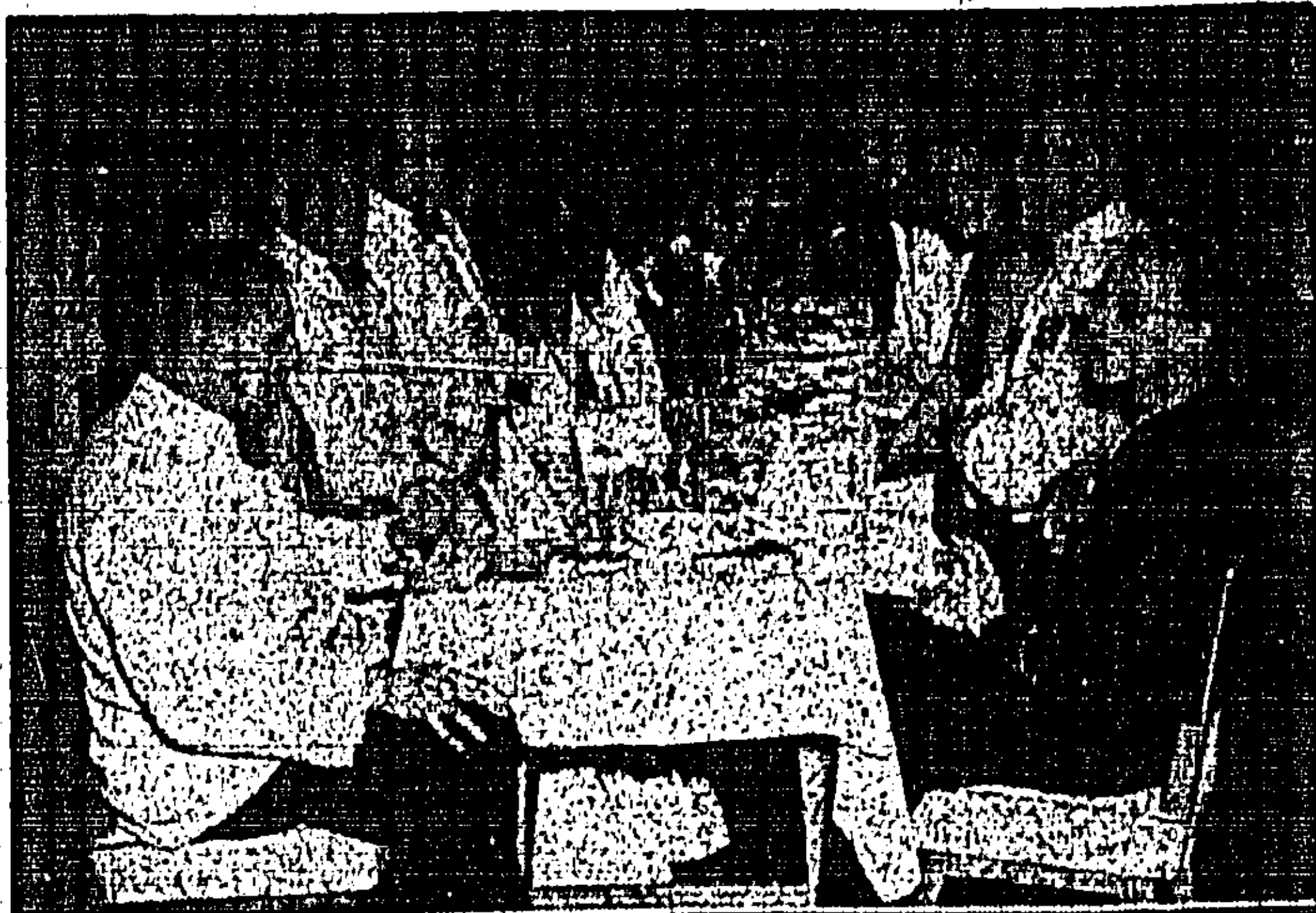
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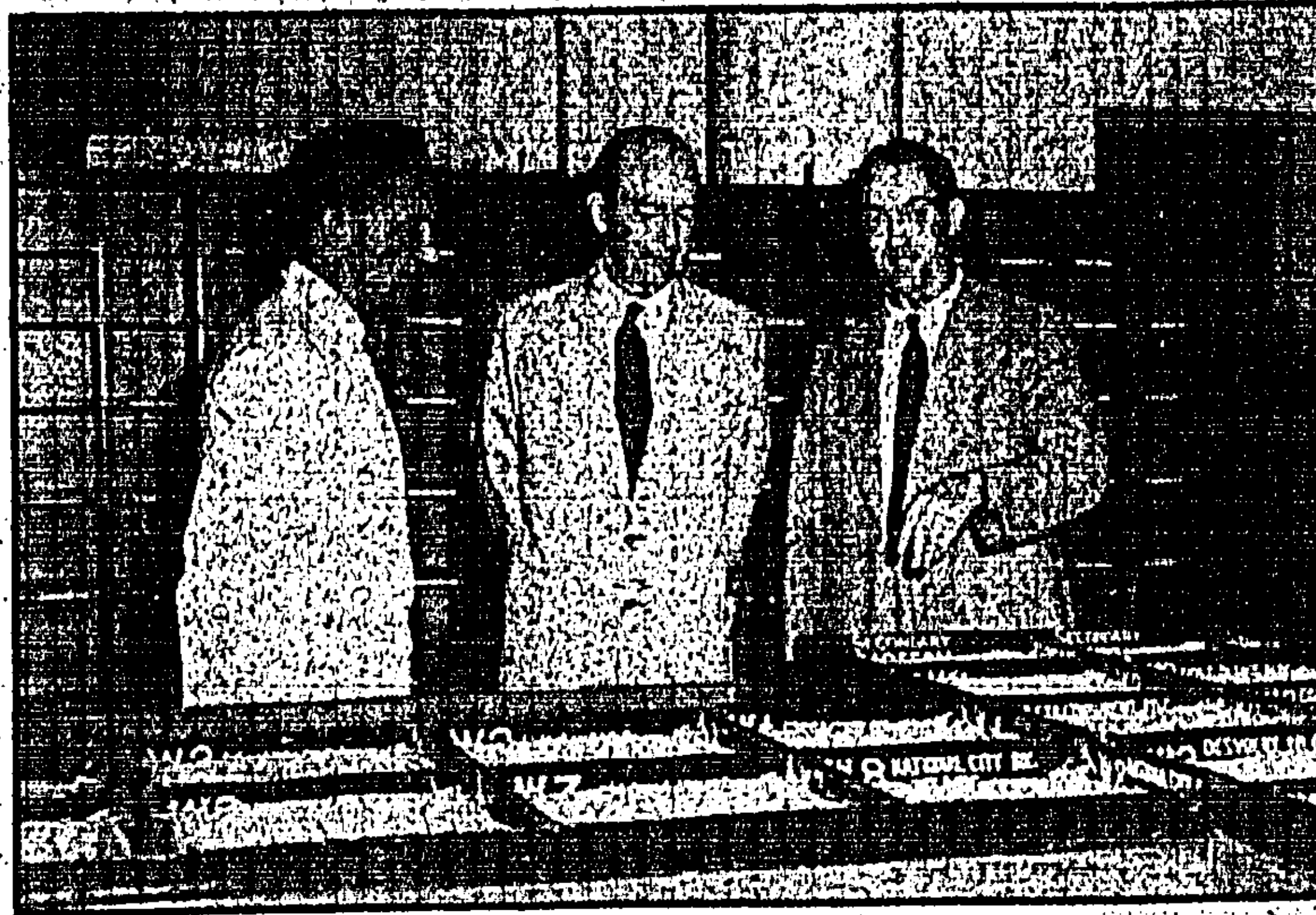
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THE Royal Hongkong Defence Force Officers' Mess held a very successful dinner dance at the Skyroom last week, and it is planned to make this an annual affair. Top picture shows the Commandant, Col. L. T. Rido, and his party, including the Commander, British Forces, Lt-Gen. Sir Terence Airey. Lower picture shows Major V. S. Baily, former CO of the Hongkong Regiment, Capt. A. V. Hill, RQMS W. J. T. Lane and ladies. (Staff Photographer)



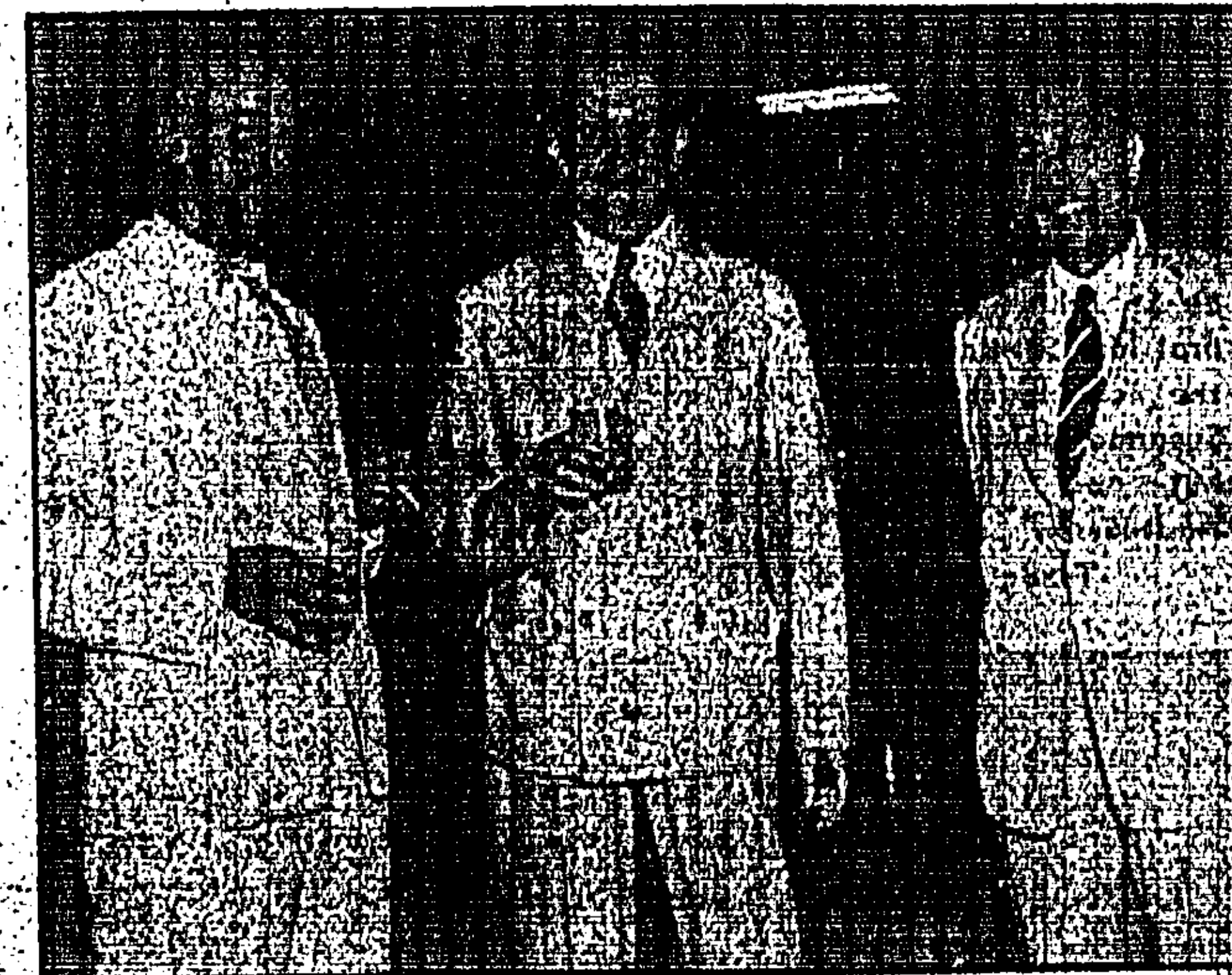
MR L. C. Saville (left), Postmaster-General, and Mr M. L. Durrant (right), Assistant PMG, explaining the routine at the sorting department of the Post Office to His Excellency the Governor on his visit last Monday. (Staff Photographer)



MR Robert Stanley Perry and his bride, formerly Miss Dorothy Munro, photographed at their wedding reception held in the Peninsula Hotel. The wedding took place at St Andrew's Church. (Mainland)



MR Alan John Bowden and Miss Margaret Mary Fraser driving away after their wedding at St Joseph's Church last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



THE Senior Puisne Judge, Mr E. H. Williams (left), who is leaving today for Borneo to become Chief Justice there, is seen with Mr D. Benson and Mr Hin-shing Lo at a farewell party given in his honour by the Supreme Court staff early this week. (Staff Photographer)



SOONG LING-SING, captain of the South China team which has again won the senior league football championship—the third year in succession—receiving the cup last Sunday from Mrs A. McAlpine. Right: The champions and officials of the Association. (Staff Photographer)



QUEEN'S COLLEGE held an open day last week when a large number of visitors saw an exhibition of students' work and teaching aids. Here a party is admiring a model of a typical Chinese house and garden. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. Dhun Ruttonjee was fêted by the India Association last week on his appointment to the Legislative Council. From left: Mrs Molwani, Mr Ruttonjee, Mrs N. T. Assanull and Mr F. T. Molwani, President of the India Association. (Staff Photographer)

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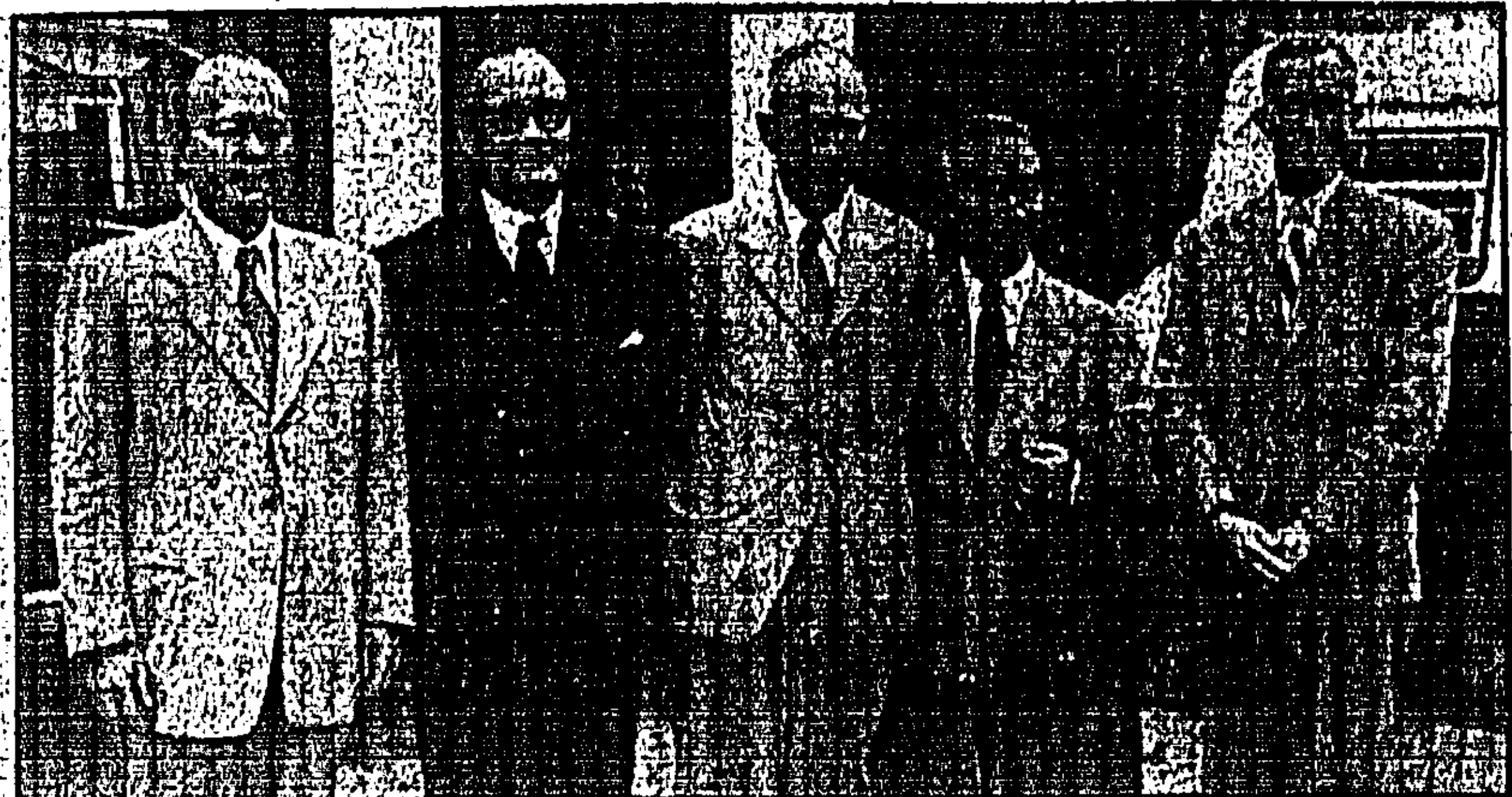
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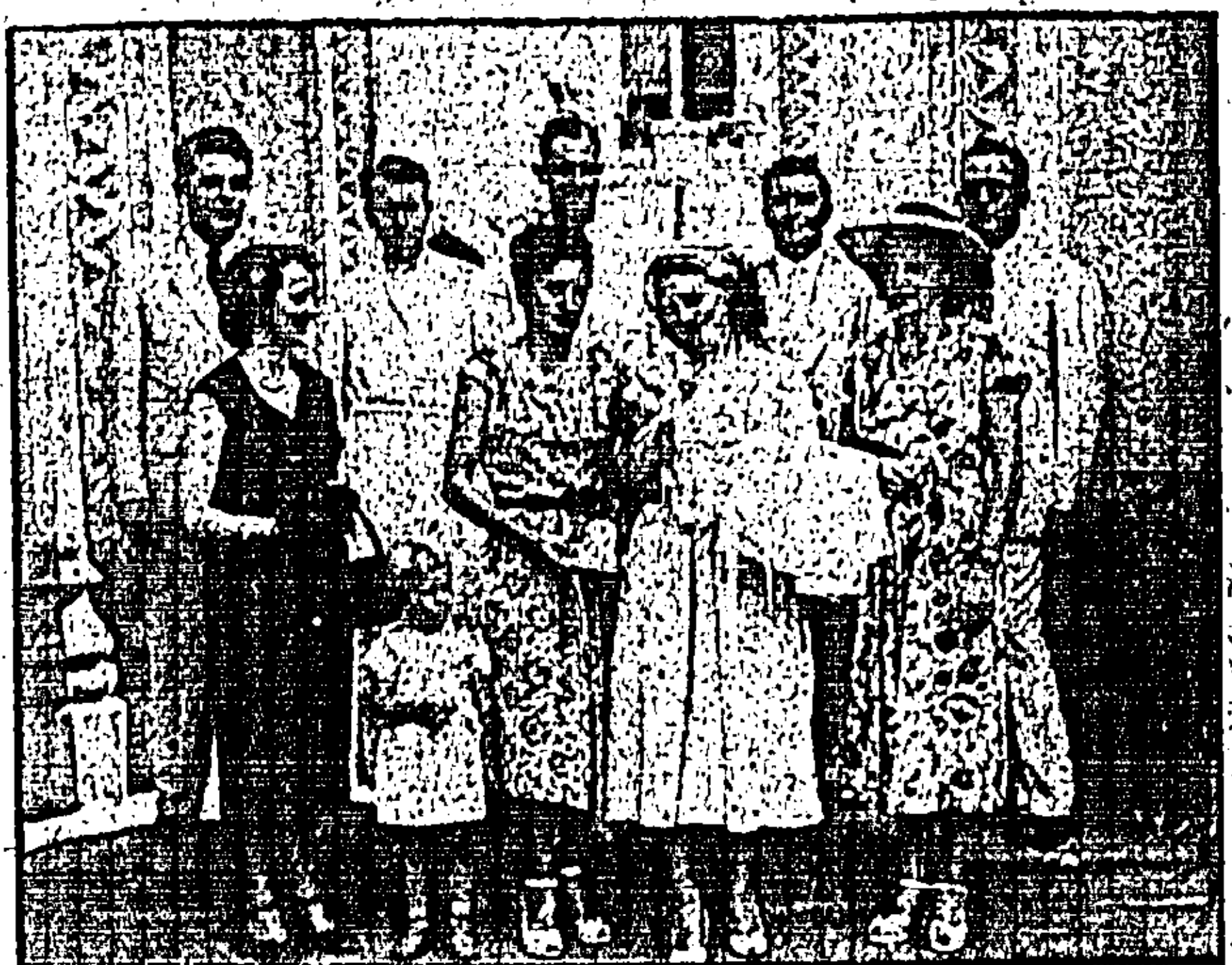
ARRIVING SHORTLY

GILMANS

Gloucester Bldg., Telephone 1941



MR J. Forrester-Paton (centre), President of the World Alliance of YMCAs, welcomed at Kai Tak on his arrival last week by local YMCA officials. He is on a round-world survey tour. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Picture taken at St John's Cathedral last Saturday at the christening of Susanna, daughter of Mr and Mrs O. Andreassen. (Roy Tsang)



THE Hon. A. P. Weir (right), President of the Northumberland and Durham Association, and Mrs Weir with friends at the Association's annual dinner, held at the Hongkong Football Club. (Staff Photographer)



MR Lester Humphrey, Vice-President of the International Association of Y's Men's Clubs, speaking at the first anniversary party of the Kowloon Y's Men's Club last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



MESSRS W. H. Geraty and G. R. McNab, General Motors executives (third and fourth from left), pictured with local representatives of the organisation and friends at the cocktail party given in their honour at the American Club. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: The Colonial Secretary, the Hon. R. B. Black, toured a number of welfare centres last week. With him in this picture taken at the Happy Valley centre are Mr K. Keen, Social Welfare Officer, Miss Dorothy Lee and Mr S. T. Kidd. (Mayfair)



RIGHT: Picture taken at the party celebrating the twelfth birthday of Colleen Ann Smith, daughter of Mr and Mrs Alexander Smith. (Roy Tsang)



LEFT: Lady Grantham with Miss Molly Hui, the artist, at the exhibition of her work at the Hotel Cecil. Mr Luis Chan is nearest camera. (Staff Photographer)



PRIZEWINNERS at the annual "at home" of the Hongkong Gun Club. From left: Mr William Dorab (.22 revolver), Mr A. F. Xavier (small bore rifle), Mr Chan Pak-ming (skeet Class B), and Mr David Wong (skeet Class A). (Staff Photographer)



GROUP picture made at St Joseph's Church on Monday following the wedding of Captain Denis William McGhee, RA, and Miss Lillian Elisabeth Brown. (Staff Photographer)

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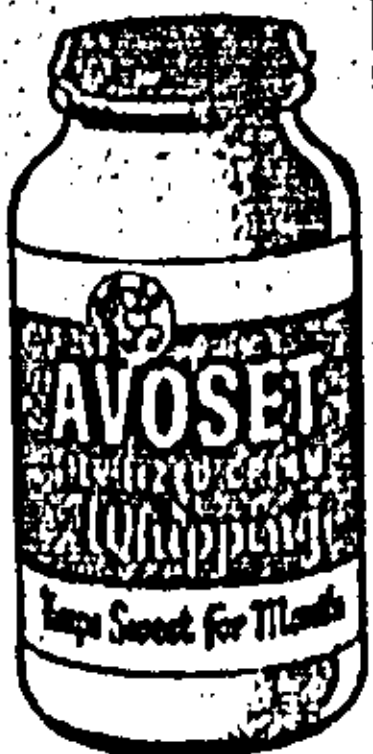
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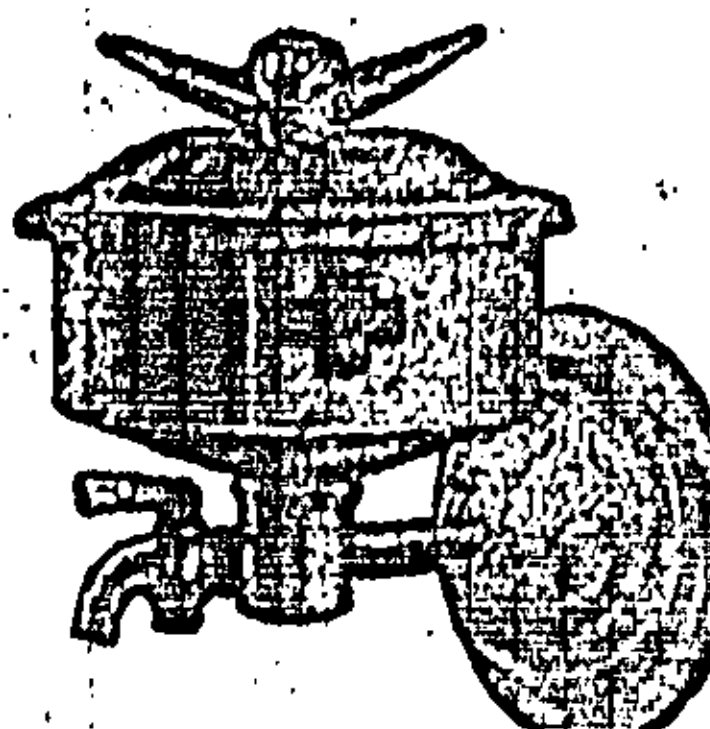
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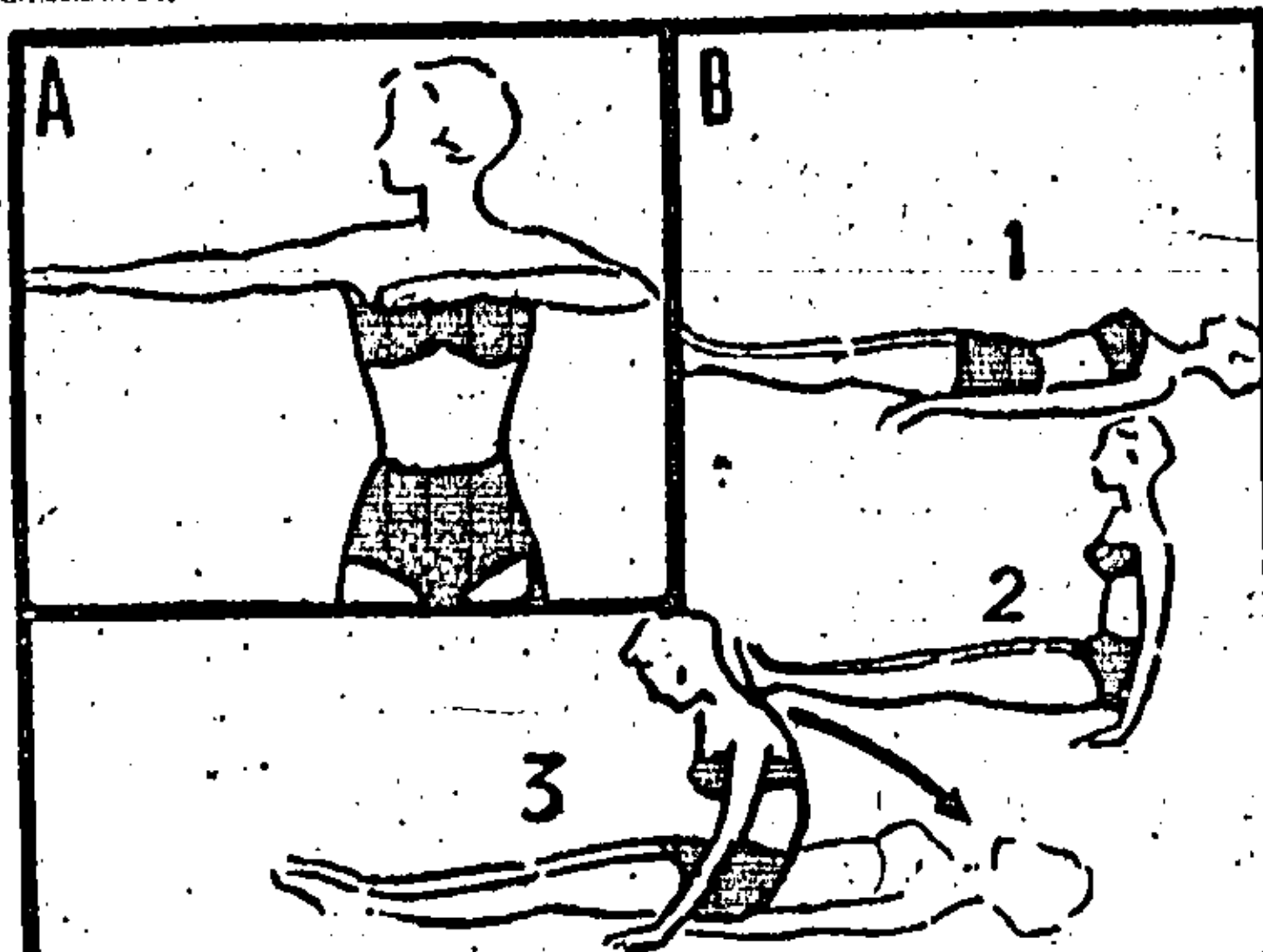
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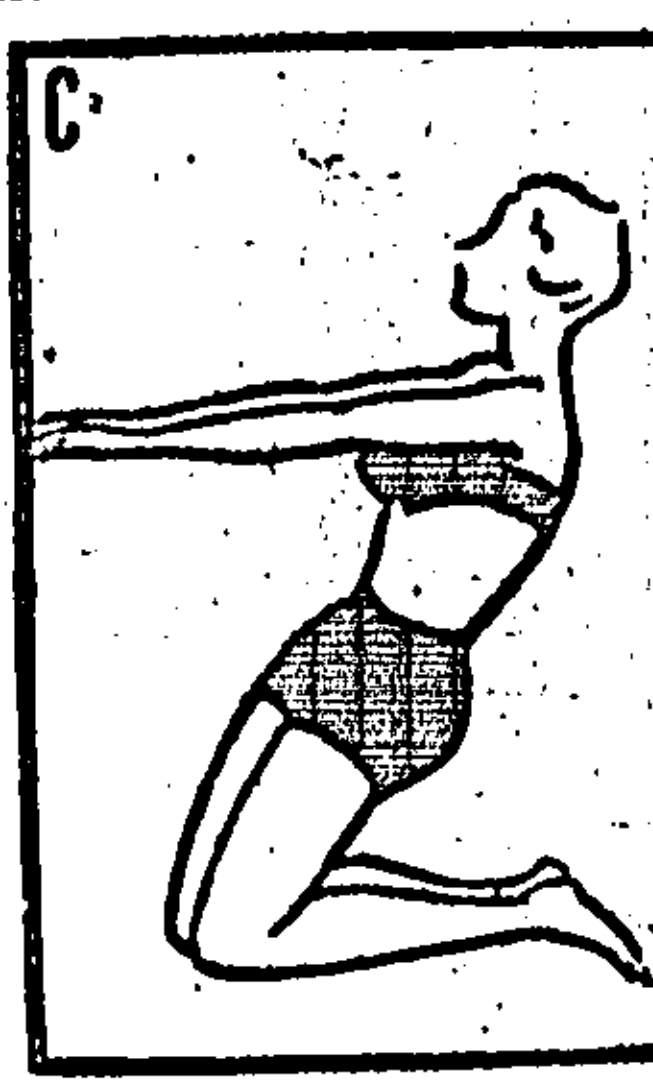


WAKE UP— AND LIVE!

Last day of our course, but keep on a few exercises every day till feeling young, and fit is a habit with you.



1. For flabby arms and bust. Hands across chest, fingertips touching. Swing right arm out and to the side, then back sharply. Repeat with left side.
2. Tummy tighter. Flat on floor, slowly come upright without bending legs: back to first position.
3. Trim thighs and legs. Kneel, arms outstretched in front. Slowly bend back till you touch heels. Keep back straight and slowly straighten.



The know-how of trim ankles

It's good to get up in the morning when you feel as fit as Exercise Girl Yvonne Marsh, who appears in the new film "Street Corner". But while she stretches and shakes off sleep she's also keeping those pretty ankles trim. She walks around for five minutes perched as high as she can on her toes. Good also for slimming calves.

BATHING NEEDS VARY ACCORDING TO SKIN

THE era of the Saturday night bath—whether needed or not—is definitely behind us. Now the daily bath is the vogue. Is there any rhyme or reason about bathing? What is the best skin cleanser?

Sensible bathing, like many other aspects of living, cannot be reduced to a routine that fits everybody. There are people who, by reason of occupation, get so dirty that a bath daily is highly desirable. There are some who, regardless of occupation, have skins which can benefit from daily cleansing, by reason of excessive oiliness and a tendency to collect dirt. Such persons should bathe according to their needs. But there are also those whose skins are dry and sensitive, and who have no dirt work to do. For such persons to bathe daily can be torture, from itching, especially in winter. They need have no conscience about bathing just often enough to remain socially acceptable.

Soap is the most familiar cleansing agent. It is popular because it lathers (in the right kind of water), and this is supposed to indicate strong cleansing action. Actually, some very good cleansers do not lather at all. Soap is basically composed of fat and lye. The old black soap kettle, which is by no means obsolete outside the cities, received the accumulated fat from the kitchen and the lye from the wood ashes which came from the fires in stoves and fireplaces. The resulting mixture, aside from aesthetic considerations, was good soap.

The modern manufacturing process has refined soap and made it more pleasing. The

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

promotion process has added romance, and this is not limited to soap operas. Soaps are offered for toilet purposes with many different accents. Some are extolled for their whiteness, others for their colour. The floating qualities of some are emphasized, the transparency of others. The creamy lather, the mildness, the easy rinsing, the convenient size of the cake. When all is said and done, good soap is good soap and it is nothing more. It will cleanse normal skin without irritating, if not used too often.

Antiseptic soaps are generally considered by physicians to be unnecessary for the household, and needlessly irritating, except for special purposes to be used as prescribed. Super-fatted soaps, containing an excess of fat, usually lanolin, are preferred by those with dry skin, though the action is not quite clear. It is usually considered that the purpose of soap is to take dirt off the skin, rather than to put anything on.

For those who cannot endure much soap, fine skin cleansers. These, like soaps, have many exotic variations. Most of them are based on the formula for cold cream. This used to be made from animal fats, but now is usually made from mineral oils of the petroleum series. The heavier and cruder members of this series gives us industrial lubrication. The more refined and lighter ones furnish the cosmetic smoothness which gives as social lubrication. Beeswax is sometimes used, too. The addition of lanolin, a very smooth animal fat, helps to give creams exceptionally desirable textures. Creams vary in their consistency. The very light creams,

which "liquefy" on the skin, have larger percentages of oils which have a melting point approximately the temperature of the skin. The more solid creams are based on fats with lower melting points; these often derive some of their consistency from beeswax. Persistence and aromatic oils give the pleasant aroma. Such creams need not be expensive. The price of a cosmetic is no sure criterion of its quality.

Detergents are used more for dish-washing and other household cleansing than in skin cleansers. There are some liquid creams with detergents for cleansers. Many persons can use these with safety and satisfaction, but detergents are somewhat more liable to irritate, because of the thoroughness with which they remove the fatty coating on the skin.

There is no cleanser that can safely cleanse more than the surface of the skin, nor is such "deep" cleansing necessary. The skin is constantly shedding its outer layers of dead cells, which are washed away with the dirt when soap or cream are used. Preparations offered for so-called "deep-pore" cleansing have sometimes contained highly irritating substances, such as carbolic acid.

A clean skin is more attractive than a dirty skin. This fact is the basis of the beauty rituals often advised in advertising copy. Soap is not expected to remove blemishes or make any basic changes in the skin. It simply helps to make the skin look its best. And this is worth while. A clean skin is also safer against skin diseases, infections and parasites than a dirty skin. But a super-clean skin, itching and irritated, does not make sense, either hygienically or aesthetically.

YOU'RE THE MAGICIAN

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

HOCUS-POCUS, alas! With a wave of a wandlike wallet—preferably one well-filled with that magic stuff, money—you're the magician who can conjure up a home that's enchanting.

In addition to money (you can get along with a minimum of this, if you're wise) you need something else—ideas! And you'll find plenty of them in Florence B. Terhune's "Interior Decorating for You," a book full of tricks that will turn your home into a modern masterpiece, a colonial setting, or whatever you choose.

It starts off with a brief history of furniture—and this should please ladies who'd like to recognize a butterfly table or Queen Anne lowboy when they see one. The numerous sketches in this section show the period pieces as they were then and as they are interpreted today.

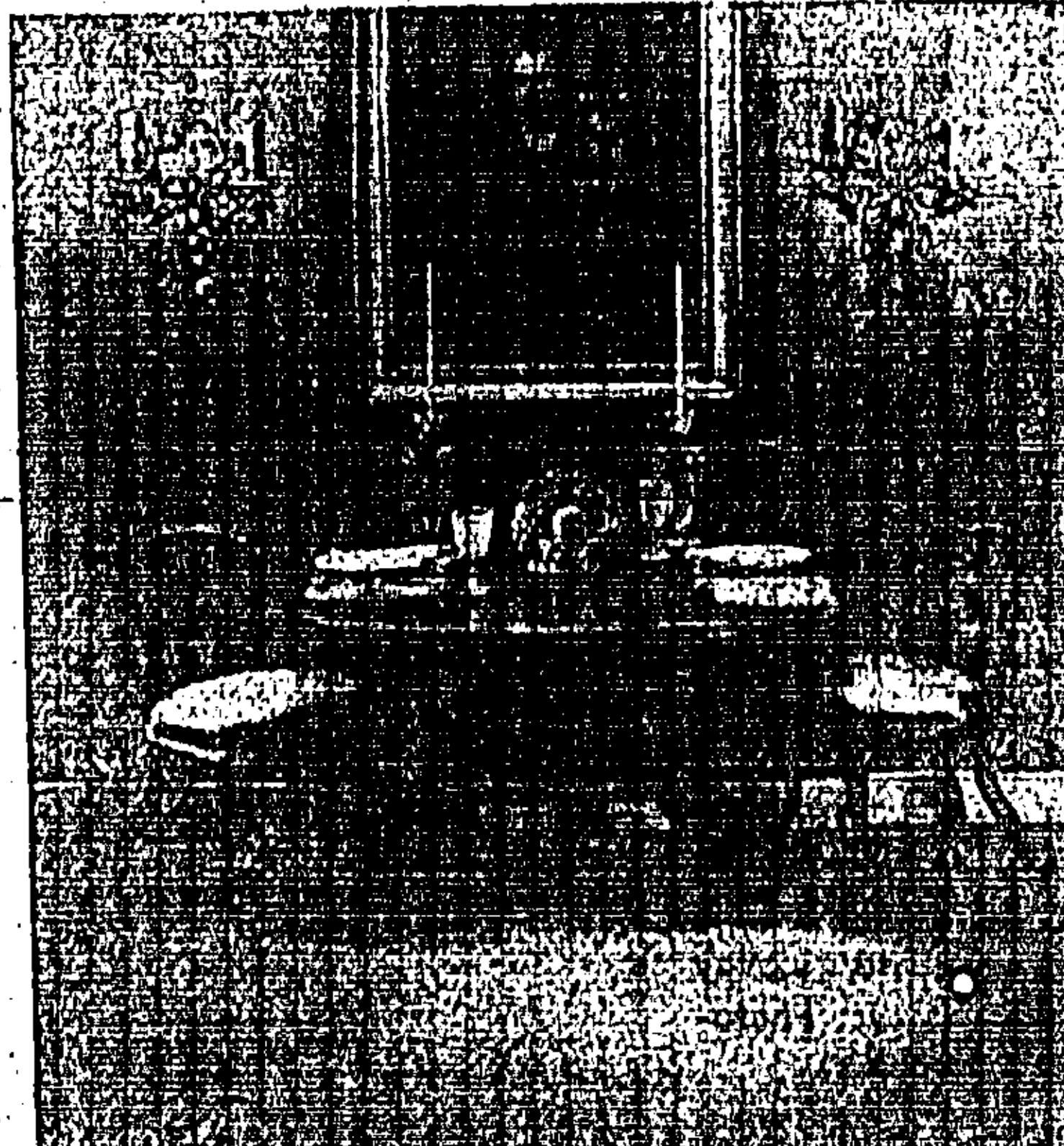
Next comes a section that should be the beginner's guide-book. It tells how to start from scratch, choosing furnishings that will fit into the future. It also lists budget-saving ideas and offers tips on construction features that will help you to spot a well-made piece.

There are several other chapters novices should study before they buy anything. One on colour collaboration suggests some decorative schemes. Another tells all about fabrics and how to use them.

Better home up on the sections that discuss walls, rugs, curtains and lighting, too. And if you're doing over some old pieces, don't miss the part that tells how to rejuvenate them.

Once you've purchased the furniture, you'll want to brush up on "room strategy."

Where should you place furniture? What's the best arrangement? No husband will



tolerate wavering theories here, not if he's the gent who has to switch the furniture around to suit your changing ideas. So, says the author, do some paper work. Work out a floor plan, arrange cardboard furniture on it and when you've made up your mind for sure, and only then, ask hubby to move the piano.

The book also discusses accessories—those essential finishing touches. Once they're added, and the decorating's done, turn to the chapter on grooming graces and find out how to keep your home spic, span and attractive.

A glossary of terms and a list of books on special subjects make this a reference book that you'll want to keep handy. It's illustrated with numerous photographs and sketches, some of which are shown here.

If you enjoy being quizzed, take the tests at the back of the book and find out how well you've learned your decorating lessons.

RELATE TABLE ACCESSORIES to your room and make dining for two or twenty a gracious, charming affair, says Florence Terhune.



ATTICS and second-hand stores are filled with pieces that need only a paint job to perk them up.

SPACE TOYS ARE HERE TO STAY

By GAY PAULEY

NEW YORK—Mamma may as well get used to having flying saucer guns and space helmets underfoot. One expert says space toys are here to stay.

But there may be a shortage of them for a while, according to Melvin Freud, president of the Toy Guidance Council.

Freud indicated that buyers for retail outlets aren't as hep to the space trend as Junior.

He explained that, as often happens with what at first looks like a fad, merchants last year overstocked on space toys. This year, they're reluctant to buy them. But Junior has now caught up, and there'll probably be as many children demanding rocket guns and space ports as ask for cowboy outfits.

Even so, the council has included only two space toys in its 1953 yearbook—compiled at a recent New York conference of 40 experts. The experts included Freud, merchants, manufacturers and child guidance educators. They decided what toys met the council's standards for play appeal plus personality development.

No Water Guns

The two space toys include a buzzing, light-ray gun and a space telephone that rings and actually works up to five miles away. All you need is five miles of wire.

Fifty space toys were submitted. But the experts rejected an atomic energy kit, because it was too expensive; a space helmet with one-way vision, because the gadget didn't give a child enough air; one space suit because it was "completely impractical" and another because it was too warm for year-round use.

The Council also turned down a 500-shot water gun.

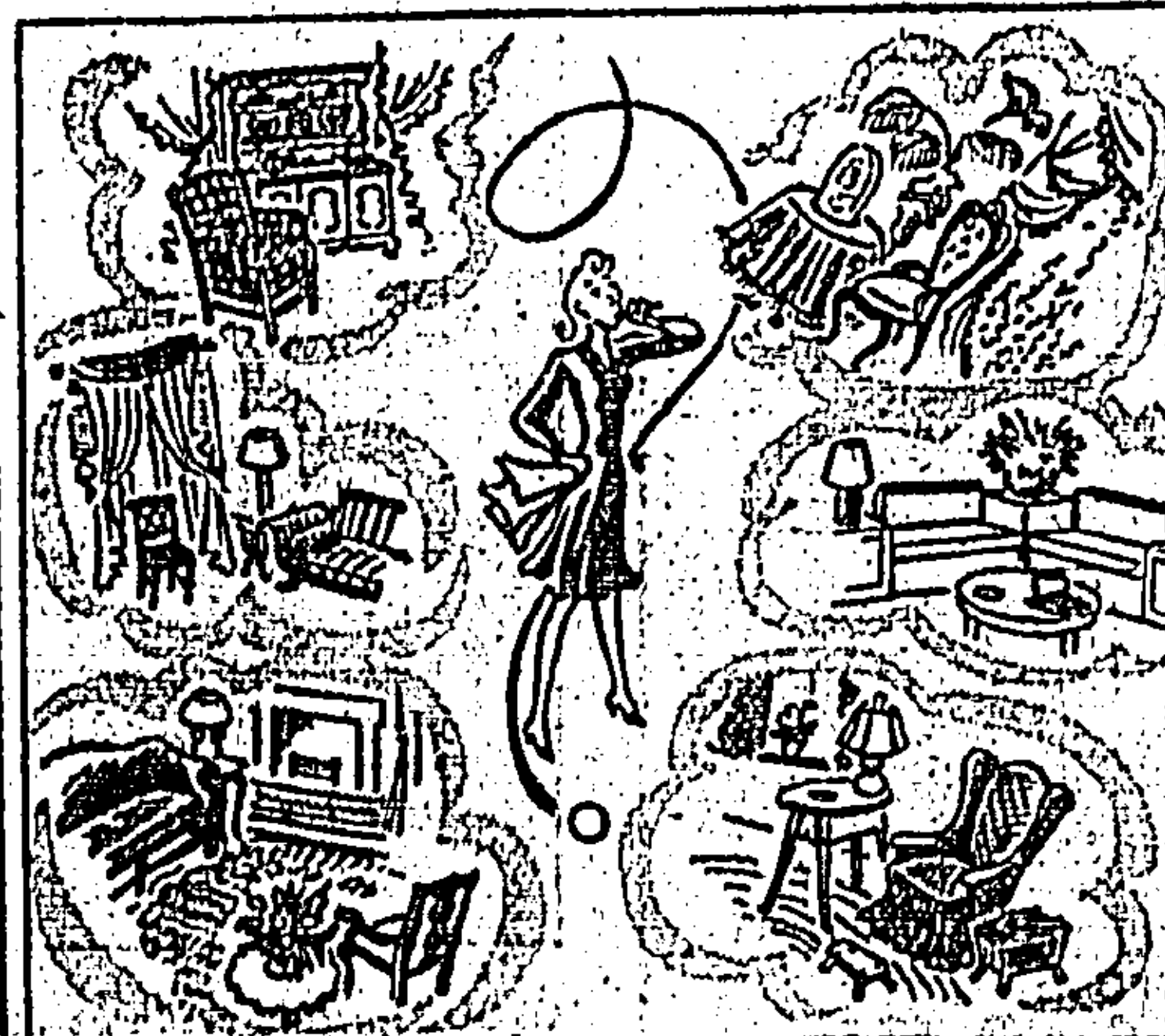
"Water pistols are not recommended by the council," a spokesman said cryptically.

Freud said that so long as television and comic books feature space characters, children will demand space toys.

"But manufacturers must realize the kids are too smart to buy just a fad item," the Council said. "If the toy itself has merit, it will be popular. But if it is a piece of junk, it won't appeal to children, no matter what its theme."—United Press.



HERE'S A ROOM THAT'S FULL OF DECORATIVE TRICKS—a pair of stoneware for wall interest; a tall lamp for reading; toss pillows for colour accents. The magician here was Florence B. Terhune.



Spank Child Only As Last Resort

Chicago—Spanking should be the "court of last resort" in disciplining a youngster, according to Dr. Gustave Welnfeld, staff member of the Institute for Juvenile Research.

A middle-of-the-road approach is the best way to prevent a child from becoming a "horrible little brat," he said.

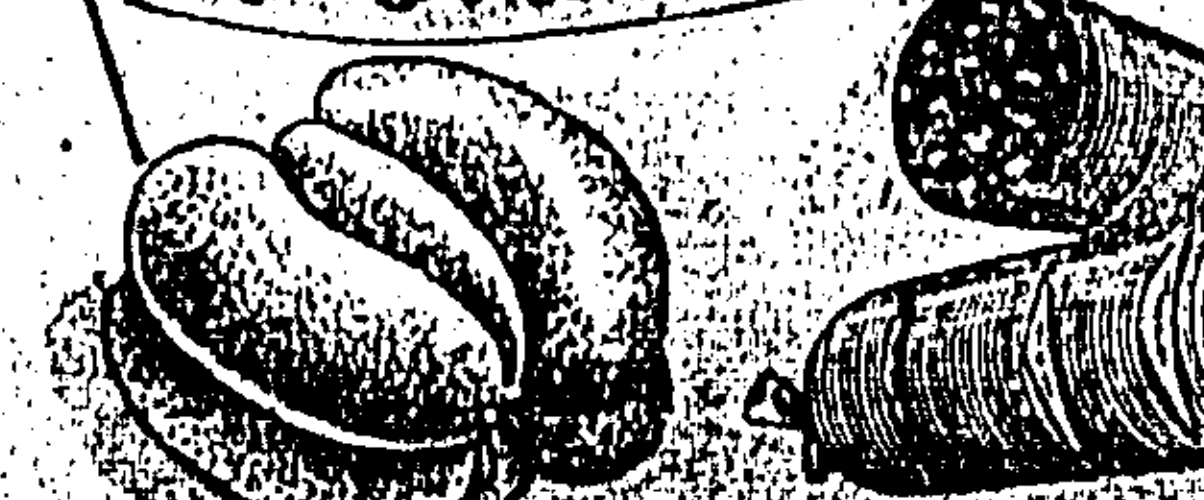
"If the child is doing something dangerous, you may have to spank him for his own safety," Welnfeld continued. "If the youngster is doing something wrong, try and explain why he shouldn't do it."

He also listed three sure ways to make a child a brat: Tell the child to "go to bed" and see what the children are doing and tell them to stop.

Let the little darlings do whatever they want, and they won't become neurotic, United Press.

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The greatest name in British mountaineering writes on this new assault on EVEREST....

WILL THEY DO IT THIS TIME?

by
Eric Shipton
Leader of three Everest expeditions.

I BELIEVE that this time the chances are excellent. With good fortune and reasonable weather the British Everest Expedition, now working their way through the great Ice-Fall guarding the entrance to the Western Cwm, should reach the summit of the world's highest peak, which during the last 31 years has defeated no fewer than eight determined attempts by British and Swiss mountaineers.

They are now climbing at a height of about 20,000 feet. What does it feel like at extreme altitudes?

If a man is taken straight up from sea level to 20,000 feet he will lose consciousness and die in a very short time.

But by going up slowly, as one must when climbing a Himalayan peak (on the journey across Tibet we used to travel for a month at 14,000 feet, crossing passes of 18,000 feet), the body makes various adjustments which enable it to function fairly efficiently in reasonable conditions of oxygen-lack.

This process of "acclimatization" goes on up to about 22,000 feet, so that it is possible to live at that height for many weeks and remain fairly fit.

Above that level physical deterioration sets in. This consists of a rapid loss of muscle tissue so that one becomes thinner and weaker with every day spent above that critical altitude. It is rather like some wasting disease, sapping the strength and vitality of the body even at rest.

At the summit, we had already spent more than two weeks above 22,000 feet and the process of physical deterioration was already far advanced.

But whatever the hardship of the upward struggle, at least it was a clear-cut task upon which to concentrate the whole attention, a direct challenge to be met. Far harder to bear was the sheer misery of life in those high camps, waiting, waiting for a storm to subside or for dawn to break, always with the nagging certainty that with each hour strength was wasting away and with it the chance of success evaporating.

The struggle for survival seemed more insidious, cold, and bleak inside those squalid little tents. The business of lighting the stove to melt snow for drinking water, of forcing down food and conquering the nausea that it usually induced was of little help in diverting the mind from hypochondriac brooding.

The keenness of the wind, the hiss of driven snow, the monotony of flapping canvas, the cold and the cramped space made it difficult to relax.

It may seem strange to speak of squalor in surroundings so magnificent, but "squalor" is the only word to describe the filth and confusion that develops when those tiny tents have been occupied for any length of time in such conditions.

In 1933 Smythe and I were confined to the tent at Camp VI on a ledge barely four feet wide, 27,400 feet up, for 42 hours. Despite the tremendous effort of will required to leave it, despite our physical weakness and the intense cold, it was a great relief to get outside.

These problems of altitude could, of course, be overcome if the climber was provided with the perfect oxygen apparatus—an apparatus sufficiently light not to impede climbing and of sufficient capacity to furnish him with all the oxygen he requires for long enough to allow him to reach the summit and return. But that is a very big "if."

All the expeditions to attempt Everest have been provided with oxygen apparatus. But never has the apparatus given any substantial benefit—it has either been too heavy or it has not given anything like enough oxygen for the climber's needs. For this reason nearly all the actual attempts to climb the mountain have been made without it.

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There are those who say that to use an artificial supply of oxygen would be to overcome one of the mountain's principal defences by unfair means. This is, of course, a difficult matter to decide; it requires careful analysis of the motives behind the effort.

For obviously if artificial aids to mountaineering are carried beyond a certain point the pursuit becomes a farce. Personally, on the question of the use of oxygen to climb Everest, I have no very strong sentiments. I feel that the sooner the mountain is climbed the sooner the mountaineers will turn their attention to the many more interesting problems of exploration and mountaineering still waiting to be tackled in the Himalaya.

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Twenty-one years of London Films has made the Hungarian-born, 59-year-old Alexander Korda (knighted in 1942) a sardonic philosopher and an ardent flag-waver for Britain.

The philosopher Korda says smiling: "I started in Budapest knowing nothing. I learned everything. And now I know nothing again. That is the film business."

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Korda will never retire. There is always another film to be made.

David Lewin

Q HENRY VIII, LADY HAMILTON, THE THIRD MAN—what links these film characters?

A KORDA is the name

ROUND midnight on Friday last week, 400 guests at the most important film party since the war drank the health of their host, a tall, erect, silver-haired man, with the air of the headmaster of a good public school.

Sir Alexander Korda was celebrating the 21st birthday of his company, London Films, with the party and the premiere of his latest picture, "Gilbert and Sullivan"—a picture which does not carry his name, yet unmistakably bears the imprint of his style.

In the 21 years of London Films—the company which took Big Ben as its symbol—the best of Korda has been associated with prestige and pomp, magic and madness.

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IS OXYGEN 'UNSPORTING'?

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EASIER END

BUT the chief reason for our repeated failures to climb Everest was not the lack of oxygen. It was the actual climbing difficulties that we met with on the final 2,000 feet of the mountain. These were due to the fact that the strata here dip steeply to the north resulting in a continuous series of overhanging rocks, like the eaves of a roof.

This ground proved impossible to negotiate except in perfect conditions of weather and snow, a rare occurrence on Everest.

By approaching the summit by the newly discovered southern route the present expedition will encounter relatively easy climbing on the last few thousand feet, and will not be faced, when at the extremity of their endurance, by those grim overhanging slabs.

Here, in my opinion, will lie their decisive advantage over all previous British attempts.

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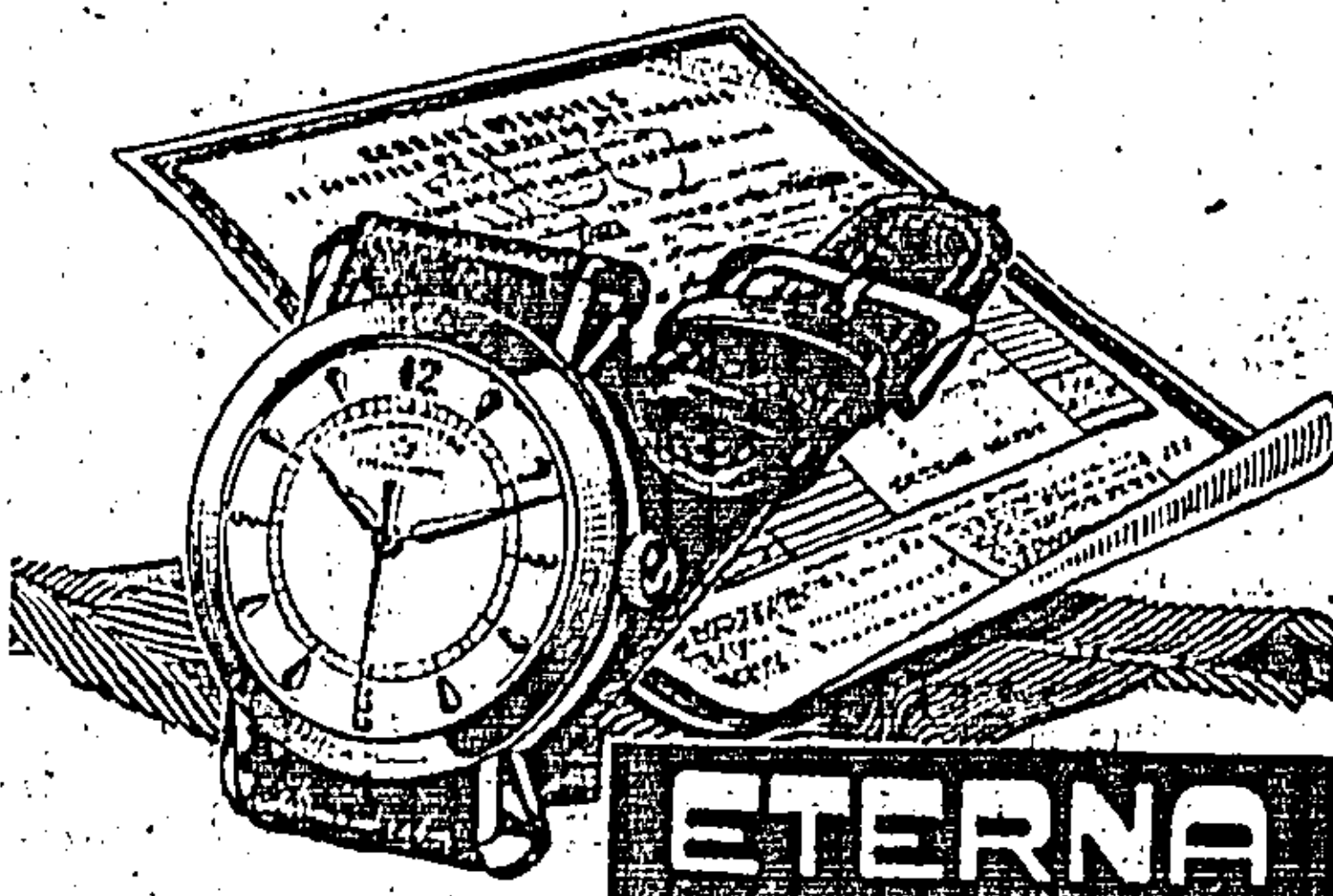


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Each ETERNA-MATIC Chronometer is individually tested at one of the Swiss Government's official testing stations and only after the most exacting standards have been complied with is a Certificate issued. There can be no better guarantee!



ETERNA-MATIC

Sole Agents: **ED.A. KELLER & CO., LTD.**



Statistics show that in this part of the world there are more sufferers from tuberculosis than from all the other diseases put together.

The only way tuberculosis can be controlled—and in time, its incidence lessened, is by making it known to the masses that early discovery and modern treatment can effect a cure.

That the work of the Hongkong Anti-Tuberculosis Association is causing many thousands to become conscious of the danger to which they are exposed was very clearly indicated during the period of the recent Anti-Tuberculosis Exhibition when more than

60,000 PEOPLE

visited the Anti-T.B. Association and saw for themselves what havoc this grim disease can cause.

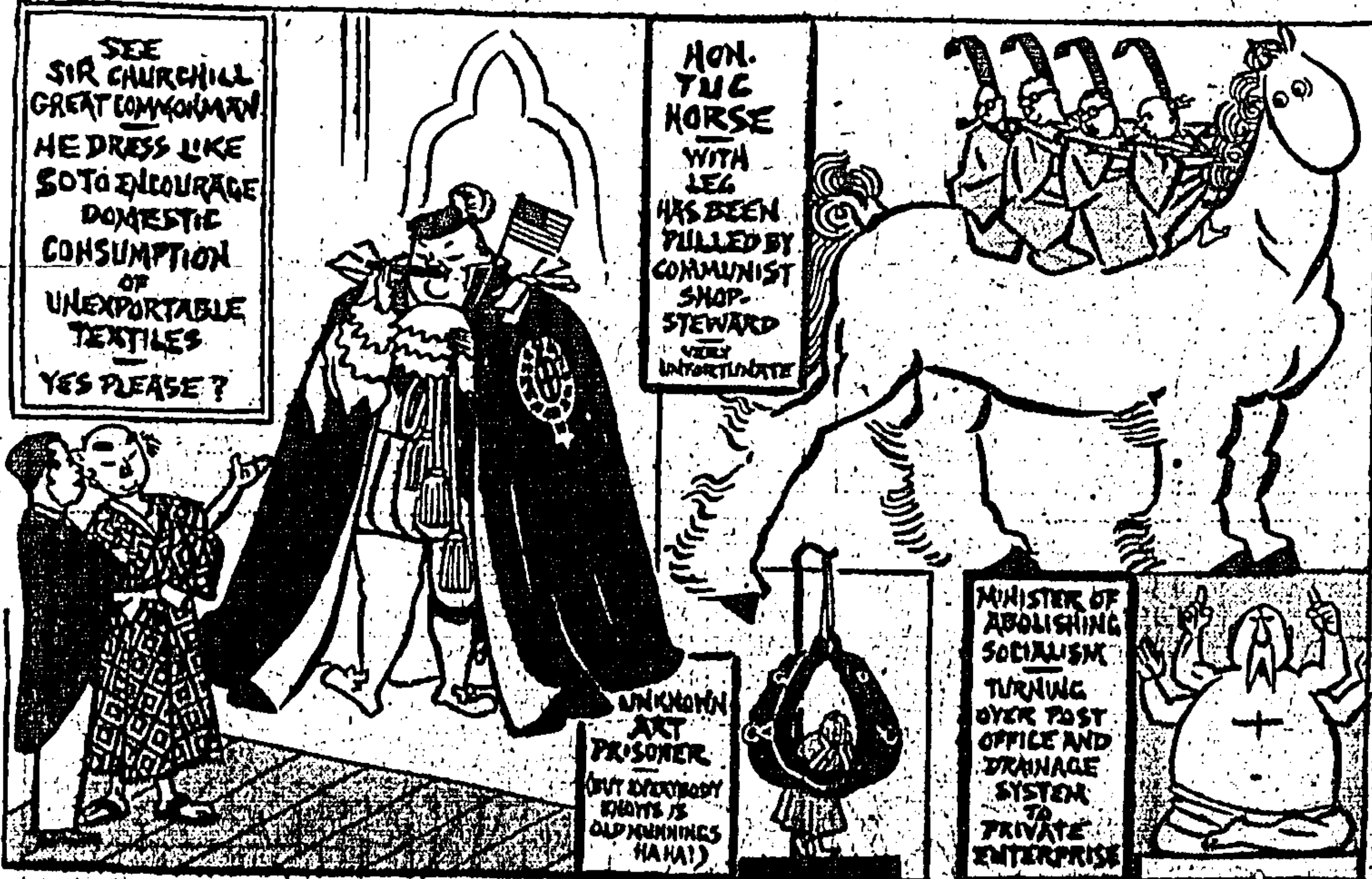
Many have come forward for examination and, where necessary, free hospitalisation to the limit of the accommodation available.

The assistance afforded is governed by the means.

Cheques should be crossed and addressed:—
"HONGKONG ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION"

During this Annual Appeal, please

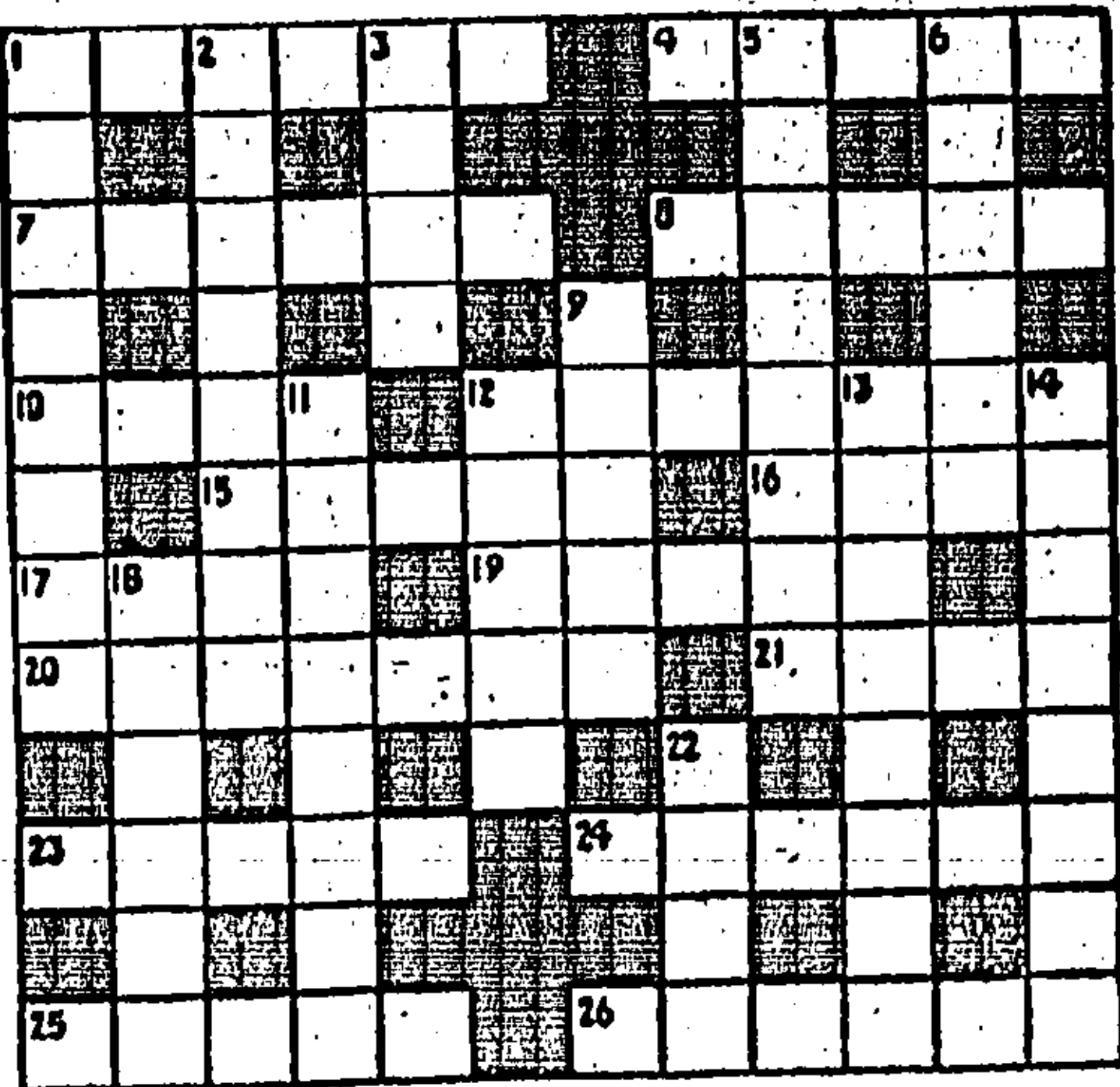
GIVE THAT THEY MAY LIVE



LOW TELLS OUR JAPANESE VISITOR

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A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 Resist (6).
4 Banal (5).
7 Compel (6).
8 Undergrowth (5).
10 Fruit (4).
12 Portend (7).
15 Tooth (5).
16 Stalk (4).
17 Uniform (4).
19 Wish for eagerly (5).
20 Humble of document (7).
21 Prophet (4).
23 Entices (5).
24 Firearm (6).
25 Stop (5).
26 Avoids (6).

DOWN

- 1 Terranted (8).
2 Supposes (8).
3 Discharge (4).
5 Nooks (8).
6 Walk heavily (6).
9 Mislike (5).
11 Fabulous creatures (8).
12 Steps (5).
13 Bore witness (8).
14 Precious stones (8).
18 Tame (6).
22 Account (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD: Across: 3 Dastards, 8 Rustic, 9 Amassing, 11 Sediment, 12 Fine, 13 Antic, 18 Dally, 19 Trip, 22 Dilatory, 24 Radiator, 25 Recall, 26 Speeded. Down: 1 Dross, 2 Aside, 3 Diamond, 4 Acme, 5 Test, 6 Ruisin, 7 Sugged, 10 Anvil, 14 Tact, 15 Cleared, 16 Starts, 17 Riddle, 20 Nomad, 21 Cycle, 22 Bark, 23 Lore.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD



With a backlighted shot such as this, the use of a flash bulb to supplement the outdoor lighting helps brighten the shadows on subject's face.

Flash in Daylight

MORE and more people seem to be curious concerning flash photography outdoors, inquiring into the why and when of using flash in sunlight. Press photographers often use flash this way. And more and more cameras today are equipped with built-in flash synchronisation. Even box-type cameras.

The reason for using flash outdoors in daylight, of course, is to

brighten the shadow areas when picturing people. Suppose, for example, you're shooting a girl wearing a wide-brimmed hat; flash will help you, for it will brighten the area normally shaded by the hat brim. Similarly it may be of use when you are picturing a baby in his pram. The light from the bulb will reach right in under the carriage top.

However, it's wise to remember two things when making shots of this sort. You must work at fairly close range, say five to ten feet, since the light of a flash bulb will not be effective over a very great distance. And you'll want to use a different exposure than for flash shots at night; otherwise the background of your picture will "go black"; it will look like a night shot.

A good general rule to follow for exposures of this sort is to set the camera just as you would if you were making the shot by sunlight, using no flash. This gives good exposure for highlights, background areas, or the sky—parts of your picture upon which the flash has little or no effect.

Then, rather than use the naked flash bulb at full strength, drape a white handkerchief over your flash reflector. This will cut the light by half. As a result, you'll have sufficient flash illumination to brighten the shadows without making your picture appear unnaturally bright. What you are actually doing, of course, is striking a balance between the sunlight and the artificial light.

—John van Guilder

THE MARRIAGE AT FERARA. By Simon Harcourt-Smith. Murray, 21s. 28s. 6d.

THE marriage is that of Lucrezia Borgia, her third. The book describes the gorgeous ceremony and the domesticity that followed it.

It may be acknowledged that the married life of Lucrezia is not the most interesting thing about her.

To the apologist for Lucrezia's behaviour several lines of defence are open.

The "moral" climate of the age was responsible. The Borgias were no worse than many of their contemporaries.

Lucrezia's home environment was unlikely to bring out the best in a girl.

Hereditary, too, was against her; her grandfather, Pope Alexander VI, inventor of the Angelus, was not the strictest of moralists.

She was the victim of others less scrupulous than herself, e.g., her brother Cesare. But too, should not be judged too harshly; he rarely murdered anybody save, for some weighty political motive.

Most of the stories told about Lucrezia and her family are a pack of lies, or at any rate, unproved.

Simon Harcourt-Smith does not pick and choose among these arguments; in his warm-hearted way, he adopts the lot. The weakness of this approach is readily apparent. If too many defences are needed, the suspicion is that none of them is very impressive.

A more censorious historian of the Borgias has written, "The instrument which won Lucrezia the sinister glory of her reign in Rome was, by nature, too affectionate, by character too far removed from the shabbiness of ordinary existence"; annoying her father by inordinately weeping, for no better reason than that her husband (to whom she was devoted) had been murdered by her brother (to whom she was even more devoted).

Touched by the "pathetic charm" of this unfortunate young woman, the reader may

turn back to some of the incidents in her life; if so, bewilderment may well be added to pity. What, for example, is he to make of Cesare's banquet on the eve of All Saints' Day, when 30 naked prostitutes paraded? The Pope's "warm Homeric laughter" rang out, and Lucrezia, overcoming her natural shyness, presented prizes to the contestants.

Divorced from her first husband on the ground of his impotence, although his first wife had died in child-birth, Lucrezia had the satisfaction of hearing herself publicly pronounced a virgin in the Vatican at a time when she was six months gone with child by a handsome young official, Pedro Caldes. Sensibly, did not prevent her from making an admirable speech in Latin at the ceremony.

A few days before the birth of Lucrezia's child by Caldes, the unfortunate father was found dead in the Tiber. He had stood in the way of the matrimonial ambitions Cesare had formed for his sister. "It is hard," says Harcourt-Smith, "to see what Cesare could have done but for the young nuisance."

When Lucrezia's second husband slipped and fell in the Vatican and died of haemorrhage, many suspicious persons concluded that Cesare had found a still more eligible husband for his sister. And, although Lucrezia exasperated her father by her tears, she recovered sufficiently to marry Alfonso d'Este, made an artillery, liable to walk the streets naked, with a drawn sword.

On the darker question of Lucrezia's alleged incest with her brother and her father, Harcourt-Smith's judgment is equivocal. He points out that, as no proof, he puzzles over a child, declared by one papal bull to be Cesare's and by another to be the Pope's. There is reason to think it was Lucrezia's, perhaps by Pedro Caldes.

Then he falls back on the climate of the age which, "on the whole, may have regarded incest more indulgently than we."

The narrative is learned, high-coloured, slow-moving; exhibits a mastery of moral understatement, is uncertain in judgment and, sometimes, shaky in spelling; leans to

mercy rather than justice; belongs to fiction rather than history.

THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF SENATOR VANDENBERG. Edited by A. H. Vandenberg Jr. Collins, 25s. 59s. 6d.

BURIED in the heart of this fat, full book is an astonishing disclosure.

It relates to a secret agreement made during the war, by which Roosevelt conceded to Churchill a veto over America's use of the atom bomb.

The late Senator Vandenberg, United States Republican politician and newspaper proprietor, stumbled on the agreement in 1947 when he was chairman of the powerful Senate Foreign Relations Committee. In the late spring of that year, he and his associates found that Churchill and Roosevelt had agreed on a full exchange of information on atom bomb research. Men like Vandenberg resented this and tried by all possible means to persuade themselves and others that the exchange agreement meant less than its words seemed to signify.

But another aspect of the secret Churchill-Roosevelt agreement went much further and was even more startling. On behalf of British, Churchill had been given the right to prohibit the Americans from using the bomb.

This was a staggering blow to Vandenberg. He was anxious to keep atom information from the British. He would have liked to discourage Britain from "duplication" America's atom bomb research. No wonder that he regarded the British veto as "astounding" and "unthinkable."

He decided that it must be abolished at all costs and at the first possible minute. The minute was not long in arriving.

Attlee's Government wanted Marshall Aid. Vandenberg made it clear that he would not support aid for Britain unless Britain's bomb veto was destroyed. Without his support in Congress, there could be no Marshall Aid.

In January 1948 he triumphed. At a Washington con-

ference, according to the Vandenberg Papers, the Attlee Government "surrendered" the veto which Churchill had secured. With it went the far-reaching intention of world affairs which Britain had won as the just prize of her scientific supremacy. At the same time, the question of exchange of atomic information was "clarified," whatever that may mean.

Two months later, thanks to Vandenberg, the Marshall Plan went through Congress. Were the Marshall dollars the price paid to Attlee and his Socialist Cabinet for their surrender of the veto?

The connection between the two transactions is clearly implied in the Vandenberg Papers, although it is not specifically established. But obviously, a matter of such grave importance cannot be left in its present state of doubt. A full account is required, preferably in Parliament, preferably from Mr. Attlee.

In the meantime, we should hear less of the shrill Socialist warnings that the "Atomic Bomb" is a "war-monger's" may precipitate a third world war by bringing the bomb only because a British Socialist government gave them that right. Or sold it.

MACAULAY: Prose and Poetry. Selected by G. M. Young. Rupert Hart-Davis, 26s. 86s. 6d.

MACAULAY had read everything and forgotten nothing. He could recite the list of Archbishops of Canterbury backwards; swore that if all copies of Paradise Lost were destroyed he could restore the text.

Born 1800, he was a grandson of the Scottish manse, son of an evangelical London merchant who devoted his life to the abolition of slavery and lost all his money. And so, the prodigious little Macaulay was at work on a Compendium of Universal History, a tract to convert the people of Travancore to Christianity, an epic on his family's fortune and a series of evangelical sermons which he composed, during breakfast.

By sheer ability, he got a fellowship from Cambridge, a job from the Tories and a seat in Parliament. He had a glittering career in the House of Commons and was the greatest talker in London society. He was immensely disliked by rival conversationalists.

Given a well-paid position in the Supreme Council of India, he insisted the Indians should have an English education.

Returning to Britain, he sat in the House for Edinburgh, but was thrown out for imprudence supporting a duty on whisky. It proved to be the most fortunate event in his life, for it gave him time to write his major work, the History of England, which had an enormous parallel popularity, success in the United States alone, one pirated edition sold 200,000 copies.

For the first time in his father's financial disaster, Macaulay was affluent. Edinburgh humbly invited him to return as its Member of Parliament.

He never married; was probably never in love. He was devoted in affection to his family, especially to two sisters and their children. He disliked Quakers ("the silliest, most absurd of sects"). Disliked church collections, his fellow-writers, pacifists.

Even those who most admired Macaulay's style, some of whom had too much of it, took book of 864 pages, handsomely bound in blue buckram, is probably as much as this little Macaulay's brilliant, magisterial writing, and more than most people require as a sample of an outmoded style which at its best is both vivid and exciting.

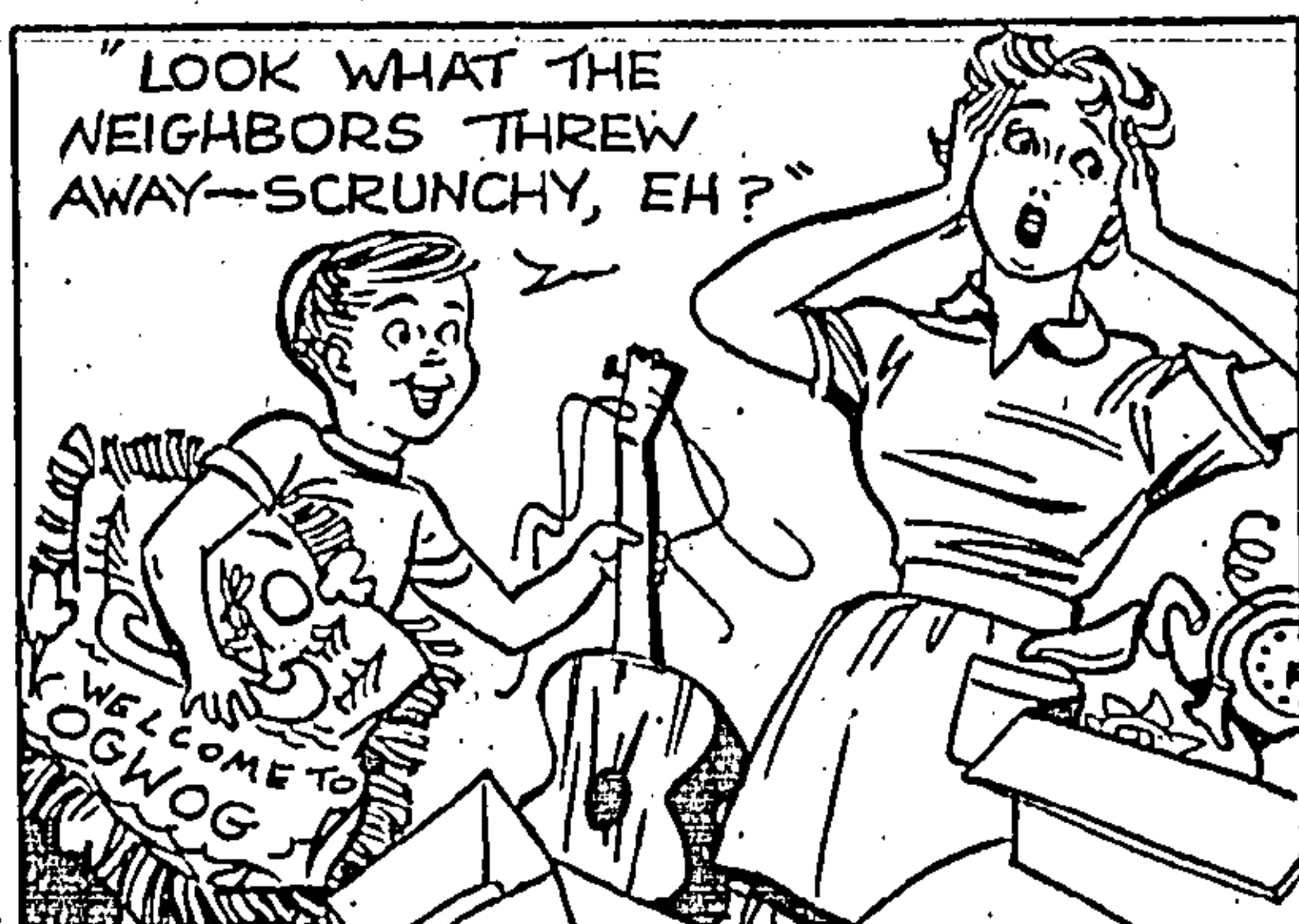
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VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Spring Cleaning

BY HARRY WEINERT



IT'S HOPELESS THROWING AWAY THE OLD JUNK WHEN YOU HAVE A RETRIEVER IN THE FAMILY.



HOW TO CLEAN OUT THE REFRIGERATOR



GOSH, ALL MY GRANDMOTHER HAD WAS A BUCKET OF HOT WATER AND A CAKE OF YELLOW SOAP.



SPRING CLEANING HEADACHES ARE NO NEWS



HE SPENDS THREE MINUTES PAINTING AND SHE SPENDS THREE HOURS CLEANING UP THE MESS.

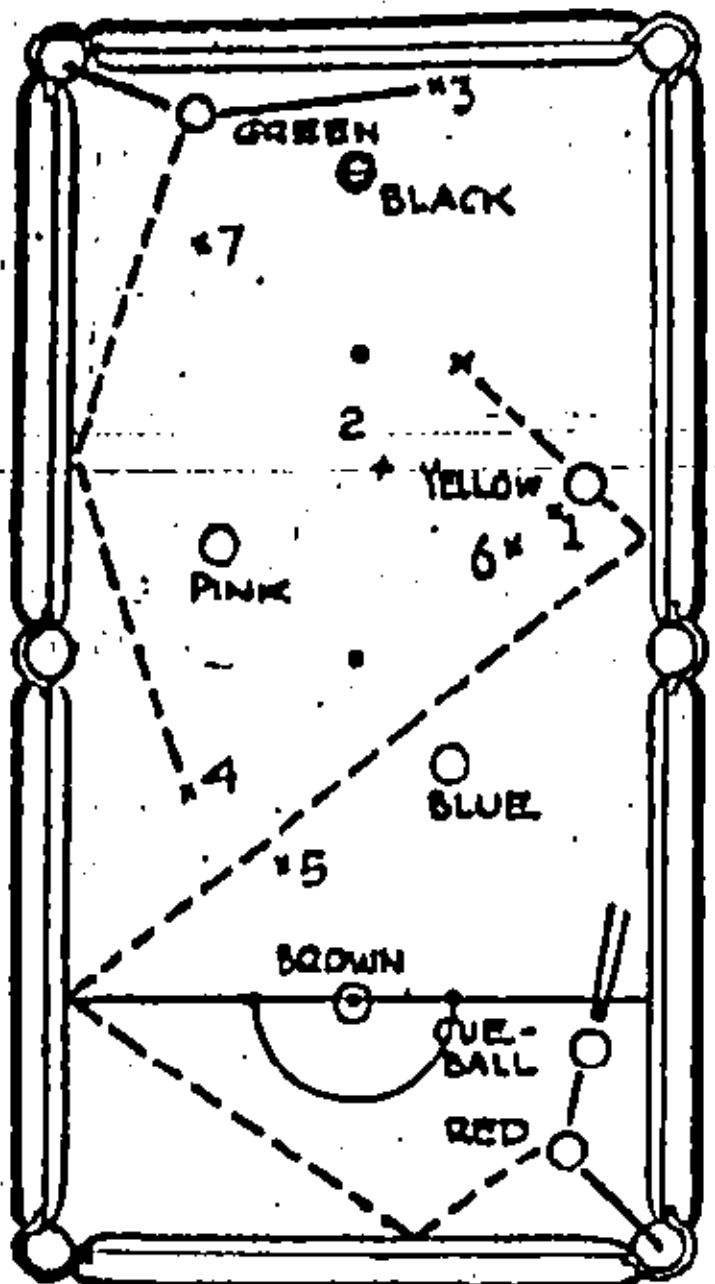


SNOOKER

By Horace Lindrum

In the diagram I left you with last week the balls are favourably placed for a nice break, but there is also an opening to clear the table entirely.

The leading ball for this purpose is the yellow, a little out from the top right-hand side cushion. My first plan would be to get the yellow ball away from the cushion into an open part of the table and to do this I would address the cue-ball high and slightly to the right, and pot the red into the bottom right-hand corner pocket speedily; the cue-ball would come off the bottom cushion to contact the bottom left-hand side cushion and travel across



the centre of the table to strike the top right-hand side cushion to cannon the yellow into the open leaving position for the pink, X1.

The next stroke would be to pot the pink into the middle left-hand pocket speedily enough to send the white on to the top left-hand side cushion and come back to the open part of the table for the correct position on the yellow, X2.

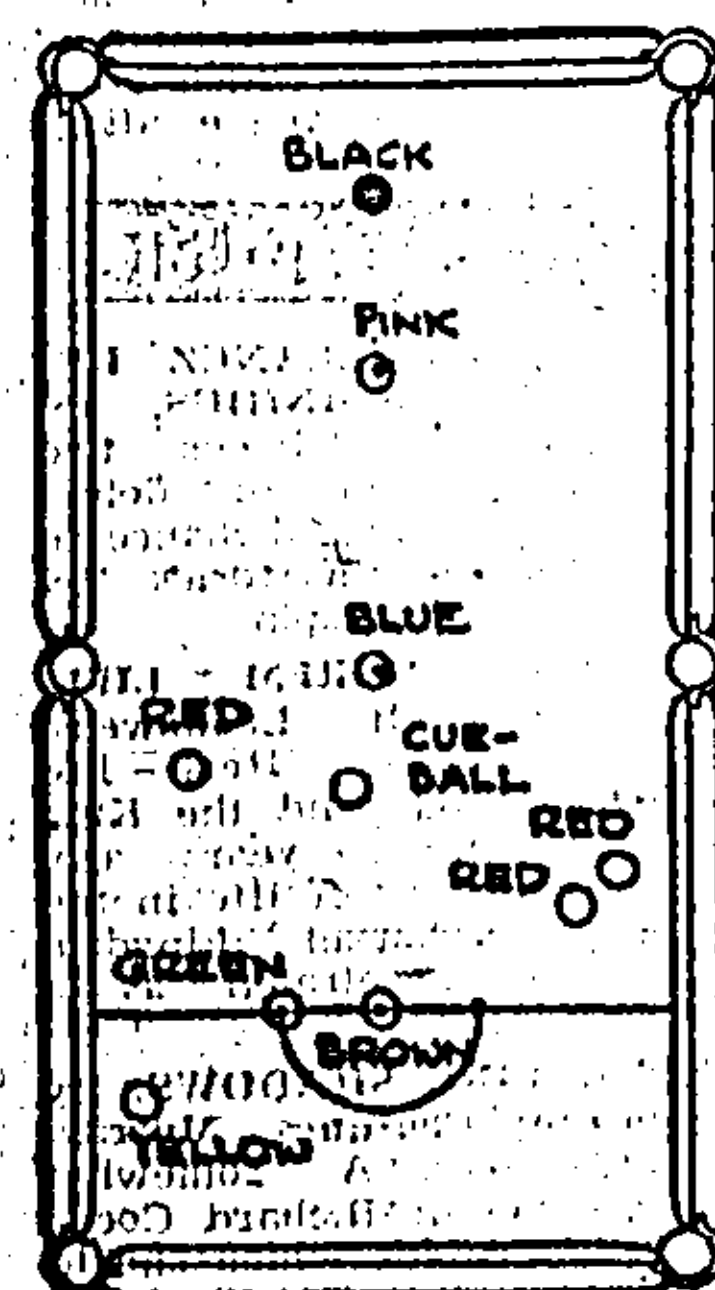
Addressing the cue-ball high for potting the yellow into the top right-hand corner pocket, and using the correct speed, I would aim to bring the white ball off the top right-hand side cushion and come to rest on the top cushion, X3.

The green is simple enough to pot into the top left-hand corner pocket, but the cue-ball must be struck very low to cross the white ball on to the top left-hand side cushion and travel towards the baulk line to finish in good position for the brown, X4.

Striking the white ball high I would use the cue to go through with the stroke when potting the brown into the bottom right-hand corner pocket. The cue-ball would come off bottom cushion and pass the baulk line for position on the blue, X5.

Potting the blue into the middle right-hand pocket I would send the cue-ball through for position on the pink which is now on its own spot, X6.

Addressing the cue-ball high to pot the pink into the top left-hand corner pocket, I would follow through for the perfect shot on the black into the top right-hand corner pocket, X7.

You To Play Until Next Week

There is a sticky problem. How would you tackle it? (Next week Horace Lindrum will demonstrate what he would do).

Jimmy Mason Will Get £1,000

Jimmy Mason, Scottish International and Third Lanark forward, who had to give up the game this season because of a permanent leg injury, is expected to receive more than £1,000 tax free from his benefit game staged at Cathkin Park, Glasgow.

He is likely to use the money to buy a newsgent and tobacconist's shop in the south side of the city. Negotiations for this are going on at present.

A 13,302 crowd saw the benefit match when a Scottish Select side beat Sunderland 5-0.

STILL TO COME IN
Third Lanark officials hope to announce the exact amount Mason will receive within a few days. The gate, including stand drawings, amounted to £800, but money from the various ticket agencies is still to come in.

And there are promises of personal donations to the player who has served his club for 16 seasons since coming from Mossvale YMCA, Paisley, in 1937.

Mason, still on the Cathkin playing strength until July 30, has been informed by the Inland Revenue that the money will be exempt from tax. But entertainment tax will probably have to be paid.

(London Express Service)

BLACKPOOL'S WIZARD

Here he is — Stanley Matthews, the amazing Wizard of Blackpool, with one hand gripping the Cup. Helping his team to win it, the most loved footballer in England performed feats of prodigious brilliance in a game that will go into the legends of soccer as Matthew's match. This beaming picture was taken at the celebration banquet in London's West End.

Express Photo.

Britain's Lawn Tennis World Got A Shock

By FRED PERRY

The lawn tennis world, that is, as far as England are concerned, got a shock when the team to represent Great Britain in the Davis Cup against Norway in Oslo (May 15, 16, and 17) was named.

H. F. David is the new non-playing captain, and the team is Tony Mottram, Geoff Palsh, Gerry Oakley and Bobby Wilson.

Mottram and Palsh were certain, for they have done much for British tennis since the war, and are still the two best players available.

Two Men Plotted A 4:03.6 Mile In A Casablanca Hotel

By ARCHIE QUICK

Two men sat plotting in a Casablanca hotel. They schemed to smash Sydney Wooderson's 16-year-old One Mile British running record of 4 mins. 6.4 seconds. How well Roger Bannister and Chris Chataway succeeded in their planning was shown when the scheme came to fruition on the Illey Road track at Oxford when Bannister ran the fastest mile ever accomplished in Great Britain and lowered the time to 4 mins. 3.6 seconds.

These two former University students, friends and rivals who had avoided each other on the track for over two years, aimed at three laps of 61 seconds, 62 seconds and 61 seconds, with Chataway making the pace all the way.

He was then scheduled to drop out of the race, as he duly did. In fact, when the bell went they were 1.3 seconds slower than their target.

There was, therefore, added merit in Bannister's resounding triumph, for he had to make all his own running in a fourth circuit of 58.3 seconds and finished 70 yards ahead of Strepoclass Champion John Dickey. Moreover, he had to contend with a stiff breeze in the back straight.

NO TWO OTHERS

No two men could be more unlike each other than Bannister and Chataway. Red-headed Chris, genial and a mixer, was full of enthusiasm over his opponent's achievement.

"He will do the Four Minute Mile one day, for sure," he said afterwards. That all depends.

The reluctant Bannister, spare of frame, long of leg and fair haired, puts his medical studies first. It is the elusive Four Minute Mile that he is after. Less striding it will come just in the course of another race—it will not be especially anticipated.

I travelled down to Oxford with Bannister and three hours

Oakley, long noted for his doubles play, deserves a place on his fine singles performances in the Hard Court Championships at Bournemouth.

He will make a fine "third man", and will also be extremely useful should a change be found necessary in the doubles. His inclusion, even at the age of 23, is good insurance.

Wilson, 17-year-old Finchley schoolboy, takes the place of Roger Becker, who was included last year.

It will be a wonderful experience for Wilson and getting some Davis Cup atmosphere will serve him well in his future career.

FAULT FOUND

But here one can at least find some fault with the selectors if one wishes.

After all, Billy Knight, also 17, is the present Junior Champion, and beat Wilson for the title.

In fact, the Lawn Tennis Association were so impressed that they even made it possible for him to spend the winter in Australia, where he learned a great deal.

Now is the time as I see it to give the young fellow the confidence and the chance to put that new knowledge into effect.

What he needs now, more than anything else, is added confidence which will, in turn, improve his ability on court.

Luckily for the Lawn Tennis Association, young Knight is not the kind of fellow to lose interest because he has been passed over.

We should beat Norway, but what about afterwards?

(London Express Service)

UPSETS WERE THE FEATURE OF THE LAWN BOWLS SEASON'S OPENING MATCHES

By "TOUCHER"

Some bruised feelings which the Lawn Bowls Association may have a little headache in soothing and a few upsets featured the opening matches of the Colony Lawn Bowls League season during the last week.

All but one of the scheduled matches were played off, the exception being the Second Division match between Kowloon Cricket Club and Hongkong Cricket Club.

It appeared that a request for postponement was made to the HKLA by Hongkong Cricket Club, but when this was referred to the Kowloon Cricket Club representative, it was contended that it was a matter for the Association to decide.

It is not clearly known on what grounds the postponement was requested by the Hongkong Cricket Club, but that they are faced with a difficult decision can be gauged by the fact that it was the opinion of the majority of the representatives present at the last Annual General Meeting that the Races should not be allowed to interfere with the Lawn Bowls League programme.

A precedent once created could only lead to a string of postponements in future programmes, not only on account of the races but also for other events.

For the benefit of lawn bowls in general it is hoped that some tactful decision will be arrived at by the Association.

Club of the week was undoubtedly Recrelo, who opened the season with an impressive 4-1 win over their strongest contenders, Indian Recreation Club, in the First Division and followed this up with a double victory by their "A" and "B" teams in the Second Division.

In the third Division, however, Indian Recreation Club stopped them from making a clean sweep, upsetting the applecart by a 4-1 margin.

In the First Division match, Indian Recreation Club were rather lucky to get away with 1½ points as a result of brilliant efforts by their two skips, U.M. Omar and A.R. Kitchell, on the last end.

Drawn against Joe Luz's rink, U.M. Omar's four were four shots down on the last end when U.M. Omar, after being given a two-shot lie by his front men, drew two more shots to tie at 21-21.

A.R. Kitchell's rink were four shots down on the last end, and he had a lie of one against him when his turn came. Jackie Noronha, however, coming on a risky backhand, promoted an opposing wood to second shot and Kitchell, with four second shots, came through with a perfect resting shot with

Mal Whitfield Will Run At Ibrox Park

At least one Olympic Champion will be at Glasgow Police Sports at Ibrox Park on June 13. He is Mal Whitfield, who won the 800 Metres title at Wembley in 1948 and again at Helsinki last year (writes Alick Kerr).

Whitfield, joint holder of the 880 Yards world record will be one of a party of U.S. Champions flying over. Others are sprinter Johnny Haines, winner of the recent Indoor Championship, in which he beat Lindy Remigier, the Olympic Champion, Fred Dwyer, America's best Miller-ten wins in a row—and possibly R. E. Richards, Olympic Pole Vault Champion, with a fifth member still to be named.

A strong German team will include Werner Lueg, third in the Olympic 1,500 Metres and Karl-Friedrich Haas, fourth in the 400 Metres at Helsinki.

No reply has been received from Zatopek, but another invitation has been sent.

(London Express Service)

his last wood to score a five on the head and win by 10-18.

TOP FOUR
The Recrelo Third rink of A.R. Farrel and C. Roza-Forera, C. Pausos and Johnny Ribeiro struck top form in their opening game and there was little that the reshuffled Colony Champion rink of A.R. Rahman, K.M. Omar, M.B. Hassan and U.A. Rumlajn could do with out their regular No. 2, K.M. Rumlajn, who was shifted to another rink.

Kowloon Cricket Club, though playing with two last minute substitutes, maintained their reputation of always having the better of their neighbours, Kowloon Bowling Green Club, on their home green, claiming four out of the possible five points.

A. V. Lopez, W. H. Cowie, E. C. Fincher and Tommy Baker all played well as a team, with Fincher perhaps the most prominent in their 29-14 win over a rather off-colour rink of L. Gaddi, E. M. Purvis, A. L. G. Eastman and J. McKelvie in which only Eastman was anywhere up to usual form.

Ex-Shanghai bowler F. O. Madar made a successful debut as a skip in Hongkong with a 28-15 triumph over the rink skipped by G. C. Norman. In this he was well supported by his front men and particularly his No. 3, Jimmy Wong, who came into the team at the last moment in place of Charlie Thompson.

Brilliant play by his front men enabled Harvey to score a one-sided 34-13 decision over W. Hong Sling. Browne had the better of an inconsistent W. Howard throughout the whole game and Joe Meyer at No. 2 was seen in one of his best games ever.

R. S. Capell started erratically but improved considerably towards the end against a more consistent Howard. Hong Sling more often than not had the lie against him, and made some dramatic saves, but was too often short.

Another upset of the week was the defeat of Craigengower Cricket Club by Police Recreation Club, only Joe Landolt's rink being able to take a point for CCC.

C. Pile had Bradbury a little confused during the greater part of the game with his aggressive tactics and was well served with a new No. 1 in R. Yu. The other CCC rink of W. C. Ogley, R. Tay, D. Rosset and C. R. Rosset held their own against W. J. D. Cameron, H. Dewar, C. Pope and W. J. Hillier until the tea interval when a four cracked them up. Of the winners W. J. D. Cameron was always near the jack and Hillier as skip was exceptionally brilliant, particularly when drawing.

TODAY'S GAMES

A full schedule of four First Division, four Second Division and five Third Division matches are fixed for this afternoon. In the First Division, the focus will be on the Recrelo-PRC and KDC-HIC games, in which upsets are impossible though unlikely.

On their form of last week, the Police should be able to give a very good account of themselves in their match against Recrelo and if both Pile's and Hillier's rinks play well as they did last week, they may be able to take two points back for PRC, or at least one.

Kowloon Deck, with a more formidable line-up this year, put up a disappointing show last week, but should be able to show improved form in their second match this week, especially when playing on their home green. They are expected to give the Indians an extremely close game and a 3-2 decision either way is very likely.

Another close match should be that between Craigengower Cricket Club and Kowloon Bowling Green Club, at Happy

BOTANY

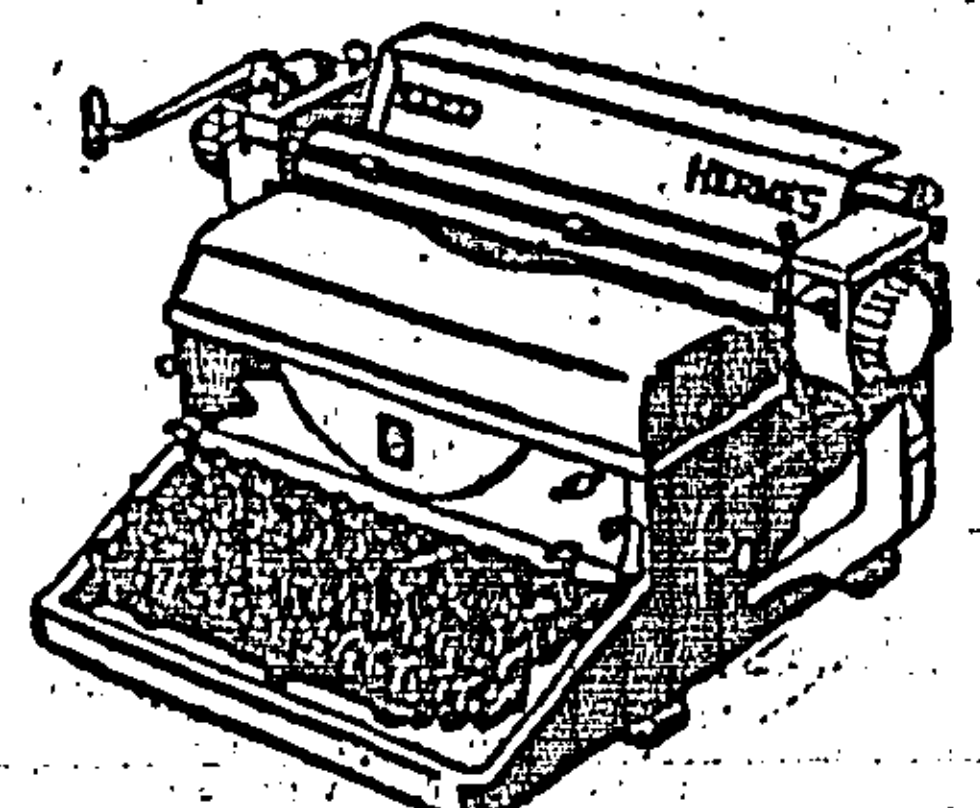
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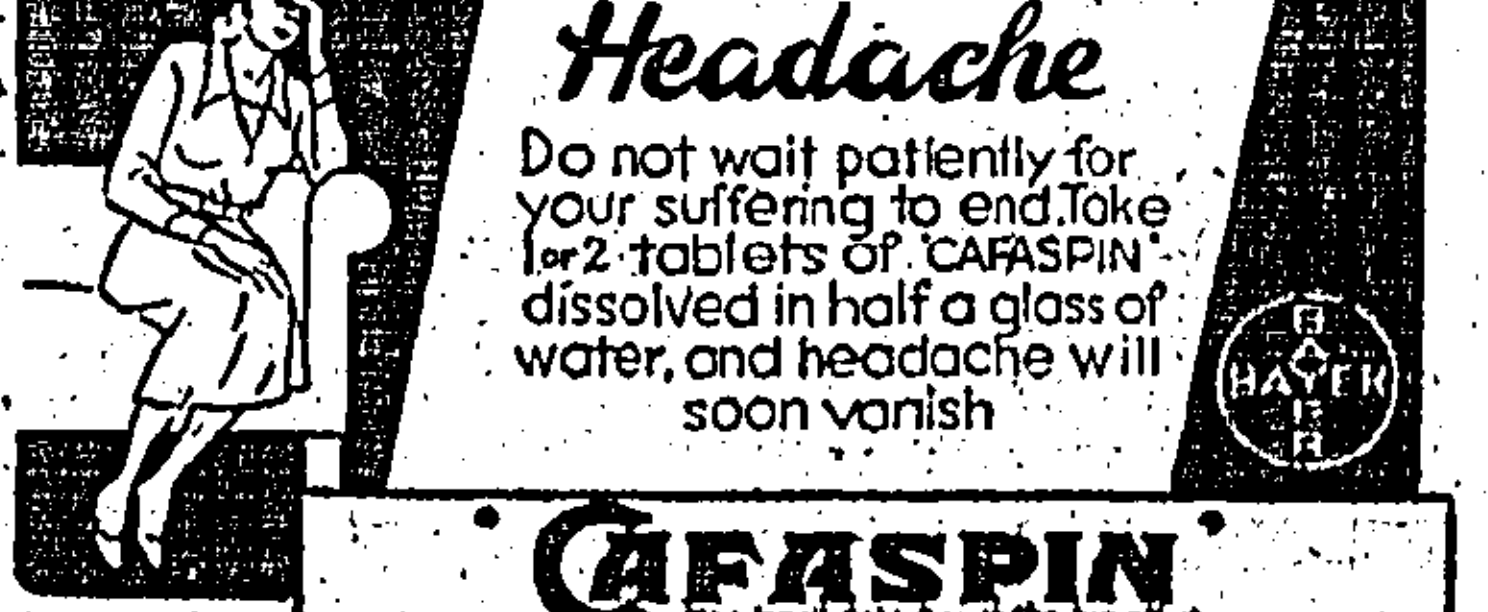
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"FENGTEI"	Singapore, Belawan & Penang	5 p.m. 22nd May	
"HUNAN"	Shanghai	10 a.m. 23rd May	
"FOYANG"	Keelung	5 p.m. 23rd May	
"SHENGKING"	Djakarta, Sema & Palembang	5 p.m. 23rd May	
"FUNGING"	Kawasaki, Yokohama, Nagoya, Osaka & Kobe (passengers only)	5 p.m. 26th May	
"HANYANG"	Yokohama, Nagoya, Osaka & Kobe	Neon 27th May	
"BZECHUEN"	Singapore, Penang & Palembang	10 a.m. 29th May	
"YCHOW"	Singapore, Penang & Palembang	10 a.m. 30th May	

ARRIVALS FROM			
"HUPEI"	Tientsin	7 a.m. 17th May	
"FENGTEI"	Kobe	7 a.m. 21st May	
"SHENGKING"	Keelung	7 a.m. 21st May	
"FOYANG"	Kobe	21st May	
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"TELEMACHUS"	Liverpool & Glasgow	24th June	
"CALCHAS"	Liverpool & Dublin	24th June	

SCHEDULED SAILINGS FROM EUROPE			
Sails			
S. "TELEMACHUS"	Liverpool	22nd May	Hong Kong
G. "CALCHAS"	Sailed	30th May	
S. "AUTOMEDON"	do	7th June	
S. "PELEUS"	do	13th June	
S. "BELLEROPHON"	18th May	22nd June	
G. "MENTOR"	24th May	28th June	
S. "ALCINOUS"	3rd June	8th July	
G. "PATROCLUS"	7th June	13th June	

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"BENMOH"	U.K. " 17th June
"BENRINNES"	U.K. " 18th June
"BENATTOW"	U.K. " 6th July
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Ship	Destination	Departure
"BENVENUE"	Liverpool, Dublin, Rotterdam and Hamburg	K/Wharf
"BENROCH"	Kure, Kobe and Yokohama	21st May
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"BENROCH"	Direct to Singapore, thence Havre, London, Rotterdam and Hull	11th June
"BENMOH"	Liverpool, Antwerp, Rotterdam and Hamburg	20th June
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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

★ STAMP CLUB ★

Schoolboy's Quick Profit

A CHANCE estimated at millions to one came the way of 16-year-old Jack Thompson, of Bury, Lancashire, when he queued to buy the new British stamps recently.

As his turn to be served came, he noticed that the corner of one sheet of 24d. stamps in the clerk's book was not properly printed. With a little excitement as possible, he asked for the whole sheet of 24d. stamps, and paid £2.10s. for it from his Christmas savings. He immediately went to a Manchester firm of stamp dealers, where he received a substantial offer for his discovery and left with a handsome profit, believed to be about £60.

The affected stamp is only partially printed, while those immediately adjacent also have flaws. Experts value the block at £75, and it could well be worth £200 or more in a couple of years' time.

This week's stamp is one of the new ones being printed for the Queen's Coronation. This is the Colonial issue, and the postman will take it down bustling highways and lonely jungle trails as a reminder that the Empire family is united in love and loyalty to the Queen.

The stamp will be issued in 61 Colonies and territories from the Falkland Islands, off the coast of South America, to the South Pole, to Fiji, where boys and girls play in the warm Pacific surf. The Queen chose the design out of 20 shown to her. It was submitted by Mr. Ernest Jackman, of Bradbury, Wilkinson & Co. Ltd., of 11, Abchurch Lane, London E.C. 4.

Mr. Jackman has a soldered round the Empire. Now the Empire will acclaim his art.—J.A.A.



ZOO'S WHO

THE GULL OF A PORCUPINE WILL SOON DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE FLESH OF ITS FOE AND WILL SOMETIMES CAUSE DEATH IF NOT REMOVED IMMEDIATELY.

JAPANESE OYSTERS GROW TO THE SIZE OF DINNERS PLATES.

THE TIME THAT DIFFERENT BIRDS BEGIN CALLING IN THE MORNING, WHICH INCLUDES THE ROOSTER, VARIES FROM SPECIES TO SPECIES. APPARENTLY THEY BEGIN WHEN THE LIGHT REACHES A CERTAIN INTENSITY.

KNARF LOOKS FOR AN AEROPLANE Do You Know That:

—And He Finally Finds an Obliging Dragonfly—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF, the shadow-boy with the turned-about name, saw an old crow, sitting on a fence at the edge of the cornfield.

"Good morning, Crow," greeted Knarf. "What are you doing?"

"I'm waiting for that man standing in the middle of the cornfield to go away. Then I'm going to eat the corn."

"I'm looking for an aeroplane," said Knarf. "How would you like to pretend you're an aeroplane and let me fly on your back?"

Turned Him Down

"I wouldn't like it at all. I just told you I'm waiting for that man in the cornfield to go away so I can eat the corn. Go find someone else to be your aeroplane."

Knarf walked off. He thought to himself: "That Crow is certainly not very obliging. It wouldn't be any trouble at all to pretend to be an aeroplane and let me fly on his back. But he won't do it. I'll find someone else to be my aeroplane."

As Knarf walked along he kept looking for someone to be his aeroplane. He wasn't very lucky. All the birds seemed to be off somewhere else, or else they were flying so high that he couldn't make them hear him when he called to them.

Finally he reached the edge of the pond and sat down on a mossy rock to rest. A moment later there was a hum in the air and a dragonfly with blue and yellow wings alighted on a water lily leaf a little way off.

"Good morning, Dragonfly," said Knarf. "How would you like to pretend you're an aeroplane and let me fly on your back?"

Never Pretended Before

"Why, I don't know," the dragonfly replied. "Do you think I can do it? I've never pretended to be anything but a dragonfly before."

"You look just like an aeroplane," Knarf said. "All you have to do is fly wherever I tell you to. I'll steer you."

With that, the shadow-boy drew himself together until he was no larger than a pin (for shadows, as everyone knows, can easily change their size) and sprang on the dragonfly's back.

Then up into the air went Knarf and his dragonfly aeroplane. The dragonfly's wings went so fast they looked just like a blur.

"Now remember," Knarf reminded the dragonfly, when they were high over the pond, "you've got to fly wherever I steer you. Otherwise you're not a good aeroplane."

So Knarf piloted the plane across the pond and over the cornfield. Far below him he could see the old crow, still waiting for the man to leave the cornfield. But Knarf was too busy to notice.

And he shot off, sparkling in the spring sunshine.



Knarf sat down on a mossy rock at the pond's edge.

waiting for the man to leave the cornfield. But Knarf laughed. For the "man" was a scarecrow and would never leave! But he didn't tell the crow that. He didn't like the crow.

Then Knarf piloted his aeroplane into the garden. The landing field was a yellow sunflower.

Knarf climbed off the dragonfly's back. "That was a wonderful flight," he said. "Thank you!"

"Don't mention it," said the dragonfly. "I don't mind being a plane at all!"

And he shot off, sparkling in the spring sunshine.

MONTY MOONBEAM has his first Earth picnic

Chapter 7 . . . by ARTHUR HAROLD JACKSON

"WHAT," asked the village folk, in amazement, "don't you REALLY know what Toasted Scones or Bread and Jam or Cups of Tea ARE?"

"I don't," answered Monty Moonbeam. "You see," he went on, "Moon people only eat things beginning with the letter M."

"What do you mean?" asked the village folk. "Things like Mushrooms and Mint?"

"Yes, that's right," answered Monty Moonbeam, "and also Macaroni and Marmalade and Mandarines and Melons, and lots more!"

"Well, fancy that!" exclaimed the village folk.

"Ah, all right," said the village Baker. "I'll go and bake you some nice hot Muffins!"

"Yes," said the village Grocer, "and I'll go and fetch you some delicious Marmalade and some lovely Marmalade!"

"And I," said the village Dairyman, "will go and bring you a nice Mug of Milk!"

And seated on the grass, with a small white tablecloth spread out before him, Monty Moonbeam had his first picnic on Earth.

"Thank you!"

"Oh, it was delightful!" said Monty Moonbeam. "Thank you very much my friends, for a lovely meal!"

"How about some more singing and dancing?" asked the village Musicians.

"That's just what I was going to suggest," answered Monty Moonbeam, "so if you will be so good as to accompany me again, I'll sing you some Moon songs."

And for the rest of the afternoon he entertained the village folk, dancing and singing songs about the Moon that they had never heard before.

MORE NEXT SATURDAY

Rupert and the Robins—5

Rupert searches through the wood and then over the common.

"I wonder if a robin would mind sitting quietly while I draw him?" he thinks. "It's a bit chilly in my case, there don't seem to be any about this morning. Where can they have gone?" Suddenly he sees his pals, Rex and Reggie, sitting up on a tree branch.

"You two," he calls. "Do you know what's happened to all the robins this morning? I want to make a drawing of one, but they've all disappeared!"

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2. Screw CUP HOOKS in the board at points A and B.

3. Cut a small straight TWIG 4 inch thick and 12 inches long...cut 2 more twigs 6 inches long.

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